

THE PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION.

By E. J. DILLON.

3465



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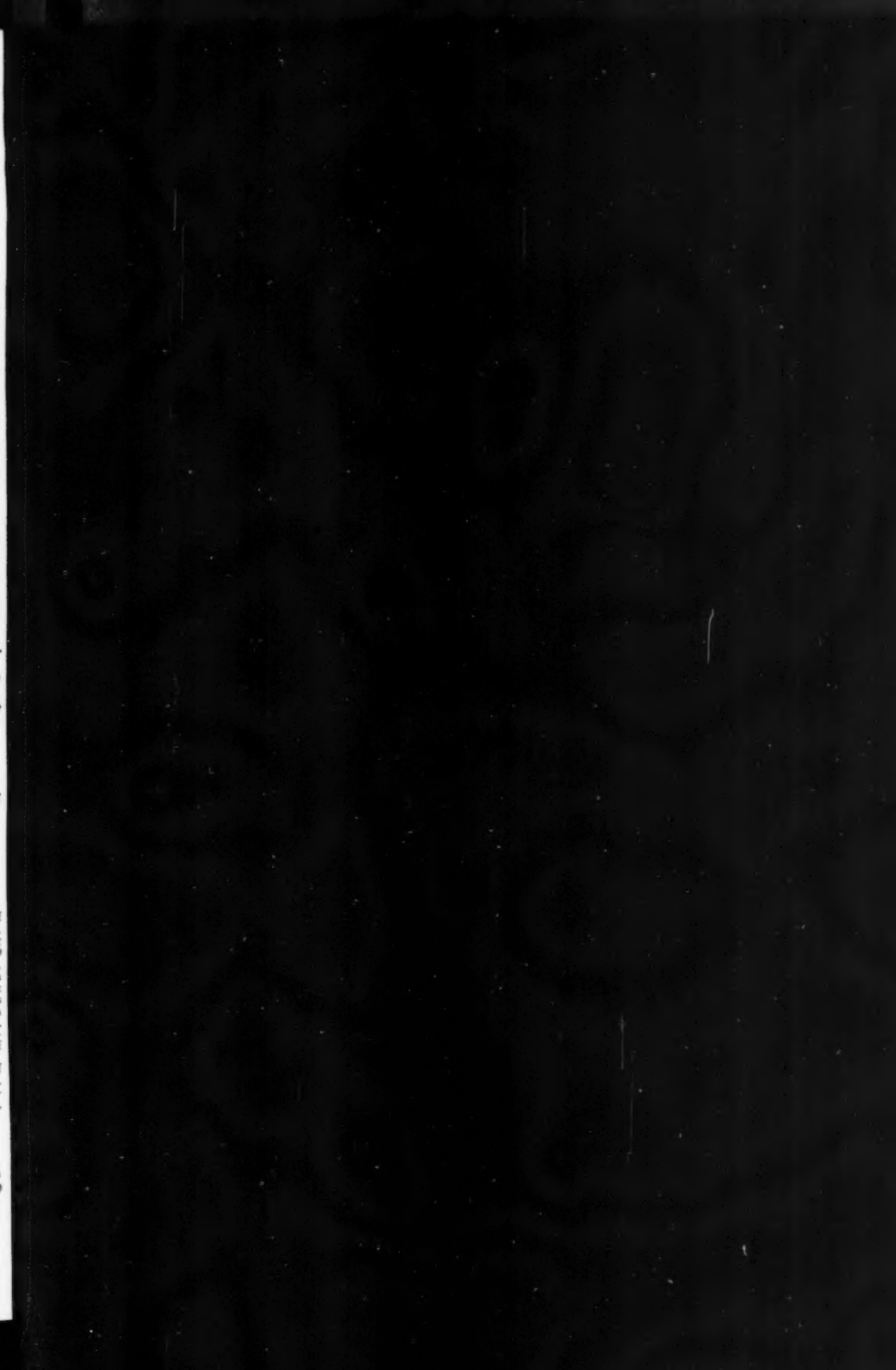
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## MOON-FLOWERS.

The moon-flowers, the moon-flowers, to  
sleepy splash of fountains  
They open—gray and silver—when  
the stars come overhead,  
And if you'd go to Fairyland and find  
the Peacock Mountains  
You've got to pick the moon-flowers  
before you go to bed.

Oh, would you go to Nineveh of ancient  
pumps and palaces,  
Or see the towers of Ascalon lift  
spire on aching spire,  
Or sup with Montezumas—golden plate  
and jewelled chalices—  
Or dip your pocket-handkerchief in  
purple vats of Tyre?  
Would you sail, a swart Phœnician,  
On a buccaneering mission  
(Dig and drive and swing of oar-blades  
as the plunging triremes go!)  
Till the sea-rim gives the highlands  
Of the fern-fringed Happy Islands?  
Ah, you've first to see the moon-flow-  
ers blow!

You've missed the Peacock Mountains  
through the pearl-pink sea-fog  
shimmering,  
The turkis-blue and opal that they  
bind about their brows;  
You've missed the magic moorings  
where the flying fish go glimmer-  
ing  
And painted dolphins, leaping in the  
tide, race round the bows;  
For the bit of wedding-cake, you  
Said was certain sure to take you,  
Never got you any further on the road  
that you should go  
To the sapphire peaks and gorges  
Than St. Peter's or St. George's.  
And you'd never heard of moon-flow-  
ers—No!

The moon-flowers, the moon-flowers,  
when first the twilight changes,  
They open—gray and silver—as the  
stars come out a-row,  
So if you'd go to Fairyland and see the  
Peacock ranges,  
You've first to face the twilight and  
watch the moon-flowers blow!

Punch.

THIM THAT THRAVELS ON THEIR  
FEET.

In blackberry time himself an' me  
We do be up by break of day:  
An' "God go with us now," says he,  
"The time we're thravellin' on our  
way.  
An' God go with us all the while  
We're thravellin' on from mîle to mîle."

'Tis up Glencullen way we are—  
The berries there is fine and sweet;  
But kilt you'd be it is so far  
When you go thravellin' on your feet.  
Och! weary mîles ere you'd come down  
From far Glencullen to the town.

Up there at dawn 'tis quare and still  
And dew lies heavy on the ground;  
But berries for a basket's fill  
Grows on the bushes all around.  
And whiles we'll rest and eat a few  
That's sodden wîd the heavy dew.

We trapis round from door to door,  
'Tis weary in the noonday heat.  
May God have mercy on the poor  
That thravels round upon their feet!  
For sure you're moldhered in the town,  
The way the carts go up an' down.

But when we're quit of all our load,  
"Now God be praised for that," says  
he;  
And back we go the homeward road,  
Near bet we are himself and me.  
Och! sure the thought of home is sweet  
To thim that thravels on their feet.

W. M. Letts.

The Spectator.

## ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

(FROM THE JAPANESE.)

Nay, but he is so young, and feet so  
small  
Must stumble on the way, and he will  
fall.  
I will go down to him who rules the  
night  
And say "Lo this I give thee, so thou  
take  
The little lad upon thy back, and make  
His path over the sunless meadow  
light."

Seumas O'Sullivan.

# THE PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION.

Endlich blüht die Aloë,  
Endlich trägt der Palmbaum Früchte.

"Of all modern revolutions none were so humane as those of Brazil and Portugal." This remark was made to me a few days ago by Senhor Theophilo Braga, Poet, Positivist, and President of the newest European republic. "How do you explain that?" I asked. "Partly," he replied, "by the temper of the two nations that shook off the monarchist yoke; they are both Portuguese, but largely because they were permeated with republican and, in our country, with positivist ideas which first produced a revolution in the souls of the young generation and of the leaders of thought, then suddenly translated themselves into acts and are now about to crystallize into institutions." The President then went on to unfold to me the characteristic traits of the national character, in which, he maintains, the Celtic element predominates, and to show how they manifested themselves in the revolution. Without calling this theory in question, I may say that the proximate causes of the upheaval, which I was enabled to study at close quarters, make it clear to the dullest apprehension why the old fabric of monarchical government could be pulled down almost without an effort.

The murder of King Carlos and his heir in February 1908 seemed to me the overture of a revolutionary movement which would go on steadily gaining strength until it culminated in a catastrophe. My grounds for this opinion were many and cogent. I had been informed that the motive of the murder was not so much to put an end to the political dictatorship of Joao Franco as to hinder the purification of the administration which Franco was about to carry out without ruth. And as the only parties who indulged in jobbery,

and despoiled the people for the behoof of their own political partisans, were the two groups of monarchists who alternately enjoyed the sweets of office, it could be taken for granted that they were implicated in the violent death of their Sovereign. Events bore out this deduction. For neither party when in power would open an impartial inquiry into the assassination of the king or seek to bring the regicides to justice. It was fair to conclude, therefore, that so long as the monarchists continued in power, there would be no surcease of misery for the Portuguese people, whose only hope was in a republic. For if the so-called monarchists were capable of sacrificing their monarch for the privilege of continuing to treat the Portuguese people as their milch-cow, they would never spontaneously undertake the cleansing of the Augean stables. In truth there were no longer any real monarchists in political life since the retirement of Joao Franco in February 1908, and although there were many in the army who would gladly draw the sword for their king, they would fight only for a king who stood his ground and encountered risks, not for a fugitive. And, lastly, the two regiments which were known to have given active sympathy and probably something more to the regicides were allowed to remain on in the capital, as were also the marines, without whom a successful insurrection was deemed inconceivable.

Concluding that the revolution could not be far off, I repaired to Lisbon in September, and, guided by what I knew of things political in that capital, I went straight to the group of men who, after having worked for years to clear the ground for a republic, were at that very moment hatching the plot which was to have been executed this autumn.

but at a later date than October. Of all the republicans, and I may add of all the political men in Portugal, those who belonged to the *A Lucta*<sup>1</sup> group are far and away the most serious, and chief among them were Drs. Brito Camacho, Bombarda, and Joao de Menezes. Every night I came in contact with the chiefs of this group of republicans, heard their indictment against the Monarchy, expressed my doubts as to the truth of the charges levied against it, and was shown printed and written documents bearing out the very worst allegations. I was convinced, and I told them so. They then asked me to state their case to the British public, so that our Government might recognize the republic without difficulty. They assured me that their foreign policy would be directed not only to the maintenance of the alliance with Great Britain, but to such reforms of the army, navy, and finances as would render Portugal a worthy, a real ally, which under the monarchy she never had been. I accordingly wrote a series of telegrams, describing the state of things in the country, and announcing an impending revolution and the probable establishment of a republic. I was then informed that the authorities would not allow the telegrams to go. Then I decided to go to England myself to publish the facts there and to return. The day after my arrival in London the news arrived there that the republic had been proclaimed in Lisbon, the hands of the conspirators having been forced by the action of the Government.

Before leaving the Portuguese capital I had questioned my republican friends very closely as to the seriousness of the revolutionary work and its chances of success. And their answers

<sup>1</sup> "*A Lucta*" ("The Struggle") is the name of the best republican organ and most respectable journal in Portugal. Its editor-in-chief, Brito Camacho, is one of the finest characters one could find among political men in any country.

were as frank as they could be under the circumstances. They assured me, for instance, that King Manuel's present Cabinet would also prove his last, and that its duration would be extremely short. When I objected that the Prime Minister, Teixeira de Sousa, had told me repeatedly that he was master of the situation and that the republicans had not the ghost of a chance my friends remarked: "The Premier's words recall those of Guizot to the British Ambassador on the very eve of the Revolution. *On the very eve.*" Those words impressed me, and I asked: "Shall I have time to go to London and return hither before the *dénouement*?" "Yes, ample time," was the reply. I then put to Drs. Brito Camacho and Joao de Menezes this question, which to my mind contained the essence of the matter: "Have you the army with you? If not, your calculations are miscalculations; for nowadays no revolution is possible against the army." "Yes, we have a considerable portion of the army on our side." "Will it merely join you when you go into the streets of Lisbon or will it take the initiative?" There was a pause before I received a reply to this query, and then it came in this form: "Naval officers are burning to take the initiative. It will not, therefore, be necessary that the army officers should do it. But several of them also are eager."

The naval officers then constituted the nucleus of the revolutionary movement. They were its mainstay. So long as they remained in the capital the republicans had no reason to fear any emergency. But this fact was known also to the monarchist Cabinet, who now and again seemed about to utilize it. One day, for instance, Dr. Camacho said to me: "When next you are talking to our Prime Minister kindly put this question to him: 'Why did you give orders that the warships were to

leave the Tagus on September 14?<sup>2</sup> For the moment the ships went the hopes of the republicans would go with them. And this danger grew imminent. For one day Dr. Bombarda, one of the chiefs of the group with which I was in close daily contact, was assassinated by one of his patients, a madman, whom, on Dr. Camacho's recommendation, he had taken under his care a twelvemonth before, although the case was hopeless. To the republican party the loss of a popular figure like Bombarda, who was also one of their fourteen deputies, was serious. The common people, who in Lisbon were disaffected to the Crown, grew excited. Tumults were feared by the Government. It was alleged and believed by the lower orders that the assassination of Bombarda was the work of reactionaries who had put up a madman to do the deed. My friends of the *A Lucta*, however, disdained to make capital out of the occurrence. They narrated in their paper the real facts. None the less, popular passion waxed stronger, becoming almost ungovernable. Secret meetings were being held all over the city. Army officers met at night and discussed the situation. Naval officers advocated a rising quite openly at mess, without any attempt at secrecy.

Affairs were precipitated in consequence of information received by the Revolutionary Committee that the Government had decided to remove the warships from the Tagus. For the naval officers declared that they would not go, that they would raise barricades and proclaim the republic rather than quit Lisbon. And the committee, feeling that the departure of the warships would entail the indefinite postponement of the revolution, ordained that the rising should break out at one

o'clock A.M. in the night of Monday to Tuesday. Preparations were hastily made. Signals were agreed upon. Cartridges were distributed. The plan was drawn up by Admiral Candido dos Reis, one of the most intelligent officers of the navy, who was worshipped by his men. Reis was a magnetic nature. He drew almost every one whom he met within the sphere of his influence. His very name was a clarion to the republicans. He too belonged to the group of *A Lucta*. He had one fault, however, which well-nigh proved fatal to the revolution, depriving it of his services and of those of large numbers of others at the most critical moment. His sense of personal honor was morbidly exaggerated, quixotic. He looked upon himself as personally responsible for each and every one of the details of the plan of insurrection. And when at the moment for decisive action some of his fellow-conspirators failed him, and their defection appeared to turn the scale in favor of the monarch, he felt that he could not survive the disaster.

The attitude of the Government during the three days preceding the outbreak, and indeed, during the thirty hours' struggle with the republicans, is psychologically interesting. They watched and waited, but did nothing. Never once did they attempt to prevent the onslaught that was obviously coming nor to defend the royalist cause by dispersing its enemies. They remained strictly on the defensive—a defensive so quiescent that outspoken royalists have identified it with deliberate treachery. In that view I am unable to concur. The members of the Cabinet simply lacked the moral courage to withstand the attack of the republicans, which they might have beaten back with ease almost at every phase of the combat. They probably had a semi-conscious feeling that the game was not worth the candle. Even if monarchism had won the day could it have con-

<sup>2</sup> The insurrection had originally been planned for that date. It was baulked by the Premier, who ordered away the ships for twenty-four hours.

tinued for long? They must have felt that even intelligent brigands could easily improve upon their *régime*, and that no likely change would be for the worse. What could the monarchists offer the nation? The republicans had already answered that question. Portugal, they said, with less than six million inhabitants, has a debt of 177 million pounds sterling, so that every subject of King Manuel owes thirty-three pounds sterling. Now in all Europe no citizen or subjects can be found to have such a rate per head. On the other hand, Brazil, with twenty-two million inhabitants, owes only 195 millions, a debt which works out at no more than £10 per head of the population. Again, the President of Brazil receives yearly only six million reis<sup>2</sup> for all his expenses, those of representation included, whereas the King of Portugal had 667 millions besides supplements. Thus every Portuguese subject paid 121 reis for the support of his ruler, whereas the citizen of the Republic of Brazil contributes only three reis. The annual deficit in the Portuguese Budget is from six to eight thousand million reis, whereas the estimates of Brazil are balanced with a surplus of from eight to fifteen million pounds sterling. Advances illegally made to the royal family, not including those given to the Queen Maria Pia, amounted to 2,251,800,000 reis. The scandalous defalcations in connection with the large banking and agrarian institution—the Credits Predial—which was managed by the monarchists who happened to be in opposition, amounted to twenty million francs. The cost of the public services in Portugal is preposterously exorbitant. In Switzerland it amounts only to 6 francs per head of the population every year; in Great Britain to 10.5 francs; in Holland to 11.5 francs; in Austria to 14 francs; in Germany and

in Belgium to 15; in Italy to 19.5 francs, and in France to 24 francs. This rate is looked upon in France as excessive. But it is surpassed in Portugal, where it attains the rate of 30 francs, of which the greater part is absorbed by personal expenses. On the other hand the population of Portugal amounts to 5,039,744, and the exact number of illiterates is 3,914,514. It would have been over five millions without the forty-five schools maintained by republicans at their own expense out of hard-earned wages. Was it worth while making a resolute stand at a heavy cost of human life against the men who were fighting to abolish this rotten royalist fabric? It was, I believe, the semiconscious feeling of the utter unfruitfulness of the combat, and even the victory, that paralyzed the arm of the Government. Meanwhile events were moving rapidly, and the signs of the times growing plainer.

On Sunday, October 2, for example, Marshal Fonseca, the President-elect of the Republic of Brazil was in Lisbon, the guest of the king and the nation, and he was acclaimed enthusiastically by the people. Returning from a visit to Cintra, on arriving near the palace set apart for his use at Belem<sup>4</sup> he found the place blocked by a dense throng of people eager to see and welcome him. His carriage could not advance. Then my friend, Joao de Menezes, who had been presented to the President as one of the Republican deputies for Lisbon, said: "With your permission, I will say a word to the people, and they will at once open a wide avenue for your carriage to pass." But Marshal Fonseca, stepping down, took de Menezes' arm and said: "No, I had rather walk." And de Menezes escorted the nation's guest to his apartments. Returning a moment later, Dr. Menezes said to the crowd: "You now see how easy it is to instal a President of the Republic

<sup>2</sup> One thousand reis is equal to 4s. 3d. approximately.

<sup>4</sup> It is known as the Paco de Belem.



in a royal palace," whereupon vociferous cheering rent the air. That night Dr. Brito Camacho, in a speech he made to a republican assembly, recounted this incident and said: "One palace is already taken by the Republic. The others will be occupied with equal facility."

Evidently the time was come for trying the issue. The Monday night fixed upon for the meeting and the insurrection was a night of late-summer warmth and loveliness. Not a breath was stirring. The very stars in their courses were fighting for the republicans. The face of the broad Tagus was like the surface of a mirror. Lights were twinkling from windows of the houses on the hills. The traffic, which in Lisbon never wholly ceases throughout the night, was brisker than usual. Men hurried hither and thither, whispering as they went. The king, whose residence at this season is Cintra, a delightful place of woods and hills, some seventeen miles from the capital, had come into town to entertain his Brazilian guest, and was now reposing in the ill-omened palace of Necessidades. That royal domicile had a mysterious way of bringing death or misfortune upon those who resided in it, and the authorities of Lisbon once besought King Louis I., for whose life they professed great anxiety, to quit it, which he at once did, escorted by thousands of people carrying torches. Prince John, who could not leave, died the next day. While King Manuel was reposing there, the Minister of War, who might be expected to know something of what was going on, lay fast asleep. The Minister of Justice was having his fling at a fashionable restaurant at Cascaes, a charming watering-place, about forty minutes from the capital. The Prime Minister had his eyes and ears open, but his arm was palsied. He dealt no blow to the insurgents. He presumably anticipated

troubles of some kind—indeed he had been expecting them daily since the murder of Dr. Bombarda. He was watching and waiting, anxious but quiescent.

A number of established facts prove decisively that Bombarda's death did not hasten the revolution. Bombarda was killed at 11.30 A.M. on Monday, October 4. When mortally wounded he sent for de Menezes and Brito Camacho and said: "I expected to be potted one of these days, just as you still do. But, great heavens! not in this silly fashion." That expectation of his and of theirs was due to the fact that the date for the outbreak had already been fixed, and fixed—unwittingly, of course—by the Government. For it had been agreed upon, ever since September 14, by the republicans that if the authorities should issue orders to the warships to quit the Tagus, the date given by them for that departure should be the date of the rising. The time was therefore settled automatically. And before Bombarda was wounded, even before the day had dawned on which he was killed, orders had been promulgated that the ships were to leave the Tagus on October 4. That settled the question.\*

Yet now was the time for the monarchists to act. If they but knew what a little exertion would have sufficed to checkmate their adversaries, and if they had had faith even as a grain of mustard seed in their own cause, they would have made the birth of the republic an abortion. Thus, three times they had it in their power to stamp out

\* Since the above was written the Premier has allowed himself to be interviewed, and has given his own account of his action and inaction. And the impression made by this narrative in Lisbon is that it emanates either from a secret accomplice of the republicans or from an individual of weak mind. And Senhor Teixeira de Sousa is known as a clever man. He admits what I stated throughout—that he knew the date of the outbreak, and that he also informed the king. He adds that he was sure of crushing it. Yet he did not send for a single monarchist regiment from the provinces until the railway line was cut!

revolution, were it not that in this case revolution had a soul—as President Braga put it—which powder and ball cannot destroy: on the eve of the murder of King Carlos and his eldest son, if in lieu of arresting the leaders of the conspiracy which had been revealed to him, the dictator, Franco, had followed the advice given by his War Minister, made adequate preparations, allowed the mutineers to come into the streets and had blown them into space, the fabric of the monarchy which Franco was endeavoring to purify might have lingered on. And now throughout this fateful night and the next day the king and his Cabinet, if they had been willing to risk anything for their cause or their places, might have silenced republicanism with no greater effusion of blood than they paid for discomfiture. But there were no monarchists and no monarch. How easily, had there been both, they would have scored over their adversaries, will appear from the following incident:

A short time before the fateful hour of half-past one, the Minister of the Marine signalled to the ships in the Tagus asking the crews whether they were quite ready to enter into action against an armed rising should it become necessary, and adding that, if not, they were to prepare without a moment's delay. This message came like the bursting of a bomb. It seemed to indicate that the Government were aware of the plot and were adopting vigorous precautions to thwart it. Perhaps the leaders were already arrested? Possibly the soldiers of the Royal or Municipal Guard, who were devoted to the monarchy, body and soul, were posted on the heights? Nobody could tell. But the signals agreed upon were delayed, nor were they ultimately given aright. Dismay was in the souls of many of the conspirators.

Admiral Candido dos Reis, however,

was serene and hopeful. It was his rôle to embark in a boat with some comrades, board the warship *San Raphael*, and then return to the city with a contingent of insurgents, who should take up their position in one of the streets while the naval artillery opened fire from the warship. But at the fateful moment his comrades drew back. They were apprehensive of harming the cause instead of furthering it. They thought they had good reasons for surmising that their plot had been discovered, and therefore baffled, and they were unwilling to sacrifice the lives of brave men to no purpose. He entreated them to be daring, but they were resolved to be prudent. Their obstinacy could not be shaken. Reis, thereupon, concluded that all was lost. If the very first step could not be taken, how could they march to victory? He felt that he ought to have allowed and provided for this contingency, and not having done so he had plunged the nation into an abyss of misery. He at least would not survive it. A few minutes later he lay lifeless on the floor. This in truth was the catastrophe of catastrophes. Men wept bitterly on learning it. For Reis was in truth indispensable to the insurrection. He knew every detail of the plan; he was acquainted with every man deputed to play a part in carrying it out. He possessed the valuable secret of drawing crowds towards and after him. His name was a charm, his presence was a pledge of success, and his death was an irreparable loss. Many conspirators hung their heads on learning that their leader was no more; the less intelligent among them inferred that he committed suicide only because he foresaw the failure of the plot. He would surely have lived so long as there was hope. One of the enterprising republican newsmongers placarded the walls with the news of Reis's death, heedless of the crushing effect it would produce on their prospects. And even

the lion-hearted broke down and cried, "All is lost!"\*

One man kept his head and initiative during this inner crisis. He summoned a few friends hurriedly, exposed to them the danger of yielding to vague apprehensions. "Do not let us be reasoned into defeat, seeing that we have not been beaten or even attacked. In my friend Reis we lost a hero whose best quality was that he made his services dispensable before he left us. No loss is irreparable when the cause is a nation's. The other side may have much worse luck. Suppose the King should flee, who will fight for a fugitive? And we may have windfalls. Suppose one of the regiments supposed to be royalist should join us? True, the average man will not reason thus; he will be crushed by the tidings that Reis is no more. It was a blunder to spread the news. We must deny it emphatically, immediately, everywhere." This man's advice was taken, placards and notices were posted and circulated throughout the city asserting that the news of Reis' death was groundless. The Admiral was living and doing splendid work, and hoped the people would second his endeavors. That man and his tactics saved the situation, and one day the republic will erect a statue to his memory.

About three-quarters of an hour after Reis' death the guns of the *San Raphael* boomed out, and the rising had begun. One half of the 16th Infantry Regiment mutinied. The colonel resisted energetically, and was killed on the spot. The mutineers then repaired to the 1st Artillery Regiment, who turned out and joined them, and both forces marched to the principal thoroughfare of Lisbon, Avenida, and took up a strong position on the summit. The Royalist (Municipal) Guard and the 5th Foot Chasseurs repaired to another street, the Rocio, where they were exposed to

the republican fire. Called upon to surrender by the mutineers, they refused, and heavy firing went on until six o'clock in the morning, when it became desultory until noon. The prophecy of the optimist leader was fulfilled; a regiment on whose support the rebels had not counted joined them. One of the most important factors of that night was the meeting of the marines of the principal barracks of Alcantara.<sup>†</sup> Their second commander refusing to go with them, he was taken prisoner and paroled. On the Tagus, three warships—viz., *San Raphael*, *San Gabriel* and *Adamastor*—had hoisted the republican flag and were endeavoring to win over the fourth, *Don Carlos*, which held out obstinately for a time.

The king's slumbers were broken by the heavy firing. He arose, looked out of the windows and inquired: "Is it the revolution that has begun?" thus prejudging the issue and giving his own case away by the very form of his question. The answer being affirmative, he rose and dressed. Already grenades were bursting over the palace. He left that ill-omened domicile at about 4 A.M., and sought to put himself into communication with Queen Amelia, who was at Cintra. In this he was successful, thanks to the good offices of loyal friends. As soon as was feasible he repaired to his palace at Mafra, having been circuitously informed that, as a fugitive, the republic would connive at his escape, that the road northwards would be open, and that he would not be molested if he departed by sea, but that if he resisted he would be dealt with as an enemy. At Mafra many persons, it is said, sought out the king, and offered him their arms and their lives, but this offer evoked no other response than heart-felt thanks.

Meanwhile, the republicans were making headway. They had more

<sup>†</sup> It is about a mile and a half from Lisbon.

\* "Nomina sunt odiosa!"

than one pleasant surprise to make up for their bad beginning. They had the support of one naval officer named Machado Santos—with whom I had the pleasure of conversing on the subject—who worked marvels of organization. Single-handed, he went from street to street, from barracks to barracks, enlisting volunteers in the ranks of the people's army, and soon his followers were numbered by thousands. He fixed his headquarters on the Square of the Marques Pombal, and the population at once brought him oxen and sheep and goats and fruits and bread and wine, until the only difficulty experienced by his commissary was in distributing the food which came in plentifully and unceasingly. The active sympathy of the people of Lisbon stood the revolutionists in good stead.

Another "windfall" on which they had not counted appeared in the presence of the cadets of the Military School, who at the call of Santos broke bounds and joined the republican forces. They, too, fought splendidly, and one of them named Pimentel acquired a reputation for daring which is usually the prize of one or more hard-fought campaigns. Another man who rendered brilliant services was a simple private in the naval artillery. His precision in pointing the guns was so perfect that his comrades looked upon him with a feeling of awe. He had a way of announcing in advance the target at which he would point the gun, and a few seconds later it was struck. When perceiving the royal standard still waving from the palace he stated that he would blow it into space, and, having fulfilled his prediction, immediately afterwards he was cheered vociferously.

But the royalists, too, had ups as well as downs during their critical thirty hours, had there been any one to utilize them. Chief among these was the arrival of the second artillery regiment from Quelhiz. Its commander

was Henriquez Conceiro, who had made a name in Africa as a clever strategist and in Portugal as a devoted royalist and a chivalrous gentleman. This man's presence seemed to turn the tide of battle. Planting his artillery in a park named after King Edward VII. of England, he opened fire on the infantry and artillery of the republicans, and made a strong impression on them. During a pause in the firing, they asked him to cease fighting for a king who had already acknowledged the republic. He refused the invitation and disbelieved the statement. But he sought out the monarch, he and his officers, in order to hearten him to resistance and to declare his intention, and that of his men, to make a resolute stand for the *régime*. On his arrival at the palace of Cintra, however, he was informed that the king was not there. "Where is he?" he asked. "He has fled in a yacht," was the answer. Then Commander Conceiro, who had never before been known to make use of a scurrilous word, uttered some of the foulest oaths that ever passed a trooper's lips in Portugal. Retracing his steps he repaired to the republican authorities and said: "I recognize the new *régime*, and will prove a loyal citizen. But I cannot offer my military services to the republic, so tender my resignation herewith." That was practically the end.

On Wednesday morning the 5th Chasseurs surrendered, and were followed by the Municipal Guards. The republic was proclaimed at the town hall, and the revolution was an accomplished fact. The total number of dead was found to be hardly more than one hundred, for although the firing was described as heavy and destructive, Providence proved merciful to the combatants. Later on the victors showed themselves on the whole very indulgent to the vanquished, and if we except the treatment of the monks and nuns, excesses were exceedingly rare. It seems

to be an established fact that during this period of intense political excitement vulgar crimes against life and property have fallen far below the average.

The new Republican Government has now a formidable problem to cope with. It is less a work of reform than of creation out of nothing that they must endeavor to achieve. And the number of persons qualified for this arduous task is very much less than that of the men who were able and willing to lend a hand in pulling down the rot-

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ten old fabric of the monarchy. But the best men have remained in the background. By far the most serious, capable, and versatile politicians are those of the *A Lucta* group. And chief among these is Dr. Brito Camacho, whom I have known and appreciated as physician, journalist, and politician. So long as the country possesses men of the moral and mental calibre of Brito Camacho, and of the brilliancy of Joao de Menezes, and makes the most of their services, Republican Portugal can look into the future with serenity.

E. J. Dillon.

## THE LIMITS OF STAGE ILLUSION.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree protests against the temerity of a novelist who dared to criticize the production of "Henry VIII." at His Majesty's Theatre. The critic, rashly assuming that certain cups and goblets were of real silver, proceeded to condemn the realism of the performance. "If a real wine-cup," he said, "why not real wine? if real wine, why not real blood?" Unfortunately for his argument, the cups and goblets are of *papier-maché*, as, of course, they should be. But there remains enough false reality in Sir Herbert Tree's production to justify the condemnation of the novelist. The manager who confuses stage-illusion with reality does a great disservice to his art. It is his business to invent a fanciful and symbolic world, in which scenery, trappings, and diction are at an equal distance from common life. The novelist, in fact is quite right, even if the particular application of his theory was inaccurate. If there be real wine, there should be real blood. The atmosphere of illusion should be uniform and convincing.

Especially is it a rash enterprise to hang the trappings of realism about the drama of Shakespeare, who, being

an artist, wrote with a keen sense of his artistic limitations. None understood better than he the laws imposed by the shape and structure of his theatre. It is idle for our modern managers to gloze over their own extravagances by declaring that Shakespeare, too, was a lover of pageants. The finest pageantry that he knew was a pageantry of phrase. His wooden O would have restrained him, had he needed restraint, from the vulgarity of to-day. Mr. Harold Child, in a chapter contributed to the Cambridge History of Modern Literature—a work which gives us by far the best account we have of our early drama,—sets forth the difference between the ancient and the modern stage with perfect lucidity. "The capital difference," says he, "lies in the fact that the pre-Rebellion public stage was a platform stage, while the modern stage is a picture stage. The modern audience sees the drama as a moving picture in a frame, or as in a room with one wall, and only one, knocked out. The Elizabethan audience surrounded the stage on three sides, partly encroaching even on the fourth; they saw the drama as a scene enacted in their midst and—in the case of the



groundlings, the spectators standing in the yard—very close to them. It is practically impossible for performers on the stage to compose groups that shall show an equally artistic shape on three sides at once, and the use of daylight prevented many of the visual effects that have been practised since the time of Garrick." Here is the best answer to those indiscreet managers who would excuse their own popular and irrelevant magnificence by an appeal to Shakespeare. He and his contemporaries knew none of the modern shifts to catch an audience. It was their purpose rather to charm the ear than to seduce the eye. The one concession that they made to splendor was in the matter of costumes, and in costume they aimed not at realism but at a handsome effect. The dress was the dress of their own time, whatever the period of the play. No Elizabethan could have been guilty of the absurdity, not unknown in our own day, of staging "Hamlet" in accordance with the habits and customs of ancient Denmark. Hamlet was an Elizabethan, and most properly wore the garb of the age to which he and his creator both belonged. If his velvet and lace were superior to the velvet and lace affected by the spectators, they did not interfere with the action of the piece. Was he not a prince? And did he not stand upon his floor and trestles to confront the world? For the rest it was the play, and the play alone, which was the thing. The scenery was naught. There was no machinery until Inigo Jones came to Court and sowed the seeds of corruption, whereof a rich harvest has been garnered. And even Inigo Jones did not infect the popular playhouse with his disease of inapposite ingenuity. The verse of the poet still enchanted the popular ear. The spectator throbbed with the emotions or echoed to the laughter evoked by the poet. In other words, as Mr. Child says, "the drama

was rhetorical"; and this fact was not merely the best encouragement to the dramatist: it ensured a proper competence in the actor. Being asked to recite the poet's lines, Burbage and his colleagues were set a task that was all the more difficult on account of its simplicity. They had nothing else to rely upon for their effect than dignity of bearing and perfection of speech. If they failed in elocution, they had no furniture to distract the attention of the house; they had no limelight to dazzle the eye and dull the ear of the spectator. Their speech must be noble, their gesture grand in its restraint, or they failed utterly. In the sixteenth century an actor who could neither speak nor walk would have been an impossibility. Such a one has triumphed in our time, because his imperfections are easily obscured in a welter of the false picturesque.

How vastly changed are the conditions of the drama! The modern manager, rather than stimulate the imagination of his spectators, would make no demand upon it at all. Everything on his stage shall be as "real" as money and ingenuity can make it. In the old days of the Gaiety burlesque, Miss Farnen apostrophized a donkey, contrived on the model of the celebrated Brothers Griffiths. "Real donkey," said she, "real dramatic art." That might serve as a motto for many of our stage-managers. If only the donkeys are real, they think, the dramatic art will be real. Well, the donkeys are real, and everything else on the stage is lifeless and jéjune. But the manager of to-day will not accept the obvious truth that unreality is the very essence of stage-illusion. No real sun shines in the heaven of the stage; the forest-glades lead but to the green-room; the foot-lights throw a brilliance upon the picture, which will ever be strange to the world of our common experience. We accept these conventions cheerfully,



on condition that everything else on the stage harmonizes with their charming unreality. And it is this harmony which is denied to us. We have seen real water trickling over the boards amid rootless primroses fresh from Covent Garden. No drawing-room comedy is complete nowadays that may not boast for its elucidation a fine collection of Chippendale or Sheraton furniture. And yet the artistic conditions of the drama would be far better fulfilled if all the chairs which did not actually support actor and actress were painted on the backcloth. Indeed, it is only by a return to a conventional simplicity that we shall ever assist at a true revival of dramatic art.

For the weight of the trappings, to which the last thirty years have accustomed us, has crushed the spirit of the theatre. Amid the heavy sets, amid the expensive chairs and tables, which encumber the stage, the poor playwright has but little chance of emerging. He must fight for his life with the actor, the carpenter, the upholsterer, the electric-light merchant, and the purveyor of motor-cars, whose names compete with his in the play-bill. Economically, as well as artistically, he is at a disadvantage. Where the production of a drama involves so vast an outlay in accessories as does the drama of to-day there is little room for experiment. No manager will hazard his thousands upon an unknown play, even though genius shine in every line of it. It is this outlay in accessories, indeed, which encourages the foolish dream of a national theatre. England needs no national theatre. She needs only a return to sane stage-management and simple decoration. In thus retracing her steps lies the one hope of her theatre. Will she retrace them? Or will she still persist in as gross a confusion of the arts as would be manifest if a painter hung a real gold chain about the neck of a portrait, or a sculptor had

a statue measured for a pair of trousers?

It is well known that a limb which ceases to be used becomes atrophied. And this truth explains, perhaps, the decay of the drama. Why should it exist as a form of literature, if the carpenter and wigmaker have beaten the dramatist in the struggle for life? As the dramatist is nowadays of the least importance, so he has fallen rapidly upon a decline. It is true that if he succeeds with the mob he becomes richer than the owner of a diamond-mine. But his success is a thing of accident, which lies far apart from literary excellence, a thing which can be neither foreseen nor estimated. Whatever artistic credit may attach to a play is commonly divided between the actor and the stage-manager, and it is not surprising that the drama is no longer a living form. In the age of Elizabeth the situation was completely reversed. It was the play, and the play alone, which drew the town. The dramatists made little money, that is true. Perhaps there was not a great deal of money to be made; perhaps they had not discovered their economic value. But the honor and the glory were theirs, and bravely they fought for them. No period of our history can show so noble a body of work as was produced by the dramatist who flourished under "Eliza and our James." As we read their plays to-day, we cannot but marvel at their splendor and variety. How brave a record is set forth in the Cambridge History, already cited! What a wealth of poetry and invention lies between Marlowe and Ford! In many respects the dramatists are unsympathetic to our flippant and uniform age. They delight in primitive passions and sombre tragedy. Hate and jealousy, murder and revenge, are commonplaces with them. They cheerfully exhaust all the crimes committed in all the Italian republics. The

demon of Machiavellian craft, as they understood it, strides through their plays. And yet with how fine a fancy do they lull us to forgetfulness of murder and rapine! At a touch of Shakespeare's wand we are in fairyland. Beaumont and Fletcher carry us into the golden age of pastoral comedy. Ben Jonson, with his eye sternly fixed upon the realities of life, shows us the humors of his friends, and pictures for our undying amusement the fun and frolic of the fair. Dekker and Middleton bid us accompany them to Paul's, sketch for us the manners and customs of the citizens, and invite us into the society of the canting crew. Heywood bears us off to the English countryside, where honest squires go a-hawking, or to Plymouth Hoe, whence Hawkins and Raleigh, and many another brave adventurer, set out for the land of golden dreams.

Briefly, all England and all England's ambitions are caught in the net of the Elizabethan drama, with much else besides which had its origin in the kingdom of fancy or in the Italy of the Renaissance, that land of strange promise, whither our youth went eagerly to learn wisdom, and whence, if we may believe Ascham, they returned with murder and atheism in their heart. And of the most of the dramatists who have woven their spell about us we know little or nothing. Ben Jonson alone, too fierce an egotist to lie hid, has revealed himself to us with the aid of Hawthornden. Rumor says that Marlowe was killed in a tavern brawl, but rumor may lie. Webster and Cyril Tourneur, two men of genius, are names and no more. What matters it? Are not their masterpieces at hand to tell us all that we would hear of them? Shakespeare, of whom we know far more than of most, is yet so secret a personage that certain lawyers and other persons, wholly unacquainted with literature, pretend that Bacon wrote his works. And thus

we arrive at one moral quality that these men of genius had in common. They were not self-conscious. They did not ask that the limelight of publicity should be ever upon their brows. They did their work, and better work did men never, and escaped notice. Ardent as they were, it was for life that they burned, not for the silly consolation of notoriety. They fought with sword, as with tongue. Ben Jonson says that he beat Marston and took his pistol from him. Whether this be true or not, it is certain, that Jonson escaped the gallows only by benefit of clergy. Fierce in temper as in genius, the contemporaries of Shakespeare were poles apart from the novelists of to-day, who have rashly been pronounced their legitimate successors, who dwell quietly in clubs, and who are splendidly beparagraphed in the daily papers.

Apart from them all stands Shakespeare. It was not for him to paint the manners of his age. If you compare him with Ben Jonson, for instance, how remote he seems from England and his century! The emotions which he portrays, the characters which he depicts are not English, but human, not contemporary but universal. He dwells in fancy on the sea-coast of Bohemia, and even when he carries us off to the taverns of Eastcheap he confronts us with men of heroic mould. It is this detachment from time and place which helps to explain his universal appeal. The flower of his poetry withers not with time. It smells sweet and blossoms still in the dust of three hundred years.

But if his contemporaries fell, one and all, below their master, they shared his heritage of verse. They are poets, inventors of harmonies, makers of phrases. They understood the rhetoric of drama as none has understood it since Æschylus. They knew that their lines were to be spoken and heard, and they fashioned them for the ear.

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And ride in triumph through Persepolis!  
Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?  
Usumcasane and Theridamas,  
Is it not passing brave to be a king,  
And ride in triumph through Perse-  
polis?

With such haunting music as echoes  
in these lines did Marlowe herald the  
drama. And such music still haunts  
the verse of Webster and Ford when

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the drama was hastening to its decline.  
The Elizabethan convention can never  
be revived. It was dead already when  
Otway retouched it. And is there nothing  
that we can put in its place?—nothing  
but chairs and tables and fine  
clothes and pompous trappings which  
flatter the eye, and the poor tame prose  
which leaves the most timid ear still  
unsatisfied?

## THE SEVERINS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XIX.

The winter was officially over and the crocuses were flowering in the garden of the corner house when Mrs. Severin began to say that she was not quite happy about Selma.

"She writes to you?" said Michael.

"Yes, she writes," admitted Mrs. Severin.

"From the same address as before?"

"No," said Mrs. Severin; "she has changed her address."

"Does she tell you why?"

"She tells me nothing. She writes every week and yet she tells me nothing. Here is her last letter—all about an exhibition of pictures—and a new play at the Odéon. Who took her to the play? She does not tell us. Surely she does not go by herself—in Paris. Who are her friends? She never speaks of them. Why has she left the *pension* she went to with Miss Hyde. Has she spent all her money yet? She ought never to have gone to Paris, Michael. She is much too young and pretty to be living by herself there."

You would have judged from Mrs. Severin's tone that Michael and not she had assisted Selma to go there; but Michael no longer felt surprised when his mother spoke in condemnation of proceedings she had herself encouraged.

"I shall be going to Paris soon," he said. "When I'm there I'll look her up."

"Formerly her letters were full of Deminski. Lately she never mentions him. I don't like it."

"I should be glad to think she had done with him."

"Has she done with him? In my last letter I asked if he was still with the Kremskis, and I underlined the question three times. But you see she does not answer it."

"Perhaps they have quarrelled," suggested Michael.

"I wish I could think so," said Mrs. Severin.

Michael was not much affected at first by his mother's uneasiness, partly, no doubt, because he was not much concerned at the time with Selma. Since she had been out of sight she had been out of mind. When he thought of her at all he had taken for granted that she was living with Miss Hyde, and he had met a variety of Hydys at Rutland-gate, all rather stupid, stodgy people; decorous associates, though, for a handsome young sister inclined to take a preposterous view of life. That there must inevitably be discords between a breed of this kind and Selma as he knew her had occurred to Michael; but

then friendship, like marriage, is often cemented between people lookers-on consider unsuited to each other.

Michael understood more and more plainly as time went on that the Walsinghams had accepted him, but not his mother and sisters, and that Clara's frigid silence with regard to his people had a definite meaning. He saw some reason in their attitude, and yet unreasonably grieved over it. At first he had depended with a lover's confidence on Clara's insight and affection. She would bridge difficulties and arrange an intercourse that should be intimate yet unembarrassing. Gradually, however, it dawned on him that she meant to do nothing of the kind. She preferred a gulf without a bridge, the wider the better; and hitherto circumstances had helped her. Clotilda was in South Africa, Selma in Paris, Bob at school. Camilla could be asked to lunch now and then. "Will she know that she is not wanted after three?" the mother and daughter asked each other the first time; and they had ordered the carriage for three and kindly whisked the unsuspecting Camilla (who had not known, and meant to stay till five) to her station. Mrs. Severin, the Walsinghams ordained, never went out anywhere, and need never be invited except on rare and strictly family occasions, when a suggestion that she should come with Michael and Camilla and dine would have a genial sound and please Michael.

"It is most fortunate that those objectionable sisters have vanished," Mrs. Walsingham said. "I don't think you will have much trouble with Michael's family."

"I am sure I shall not," said Clara. "I shall go on just as I have begun—never discussing any of them with Michael or finding the least fault with them. I shall always be civil to the well-behaved ones. The others he must give up when he marries me."

"I suppose he will," said Mrs. Walsingham. Her greater experience made her a little less cocksure than her daughter.

"I am sure he will," said Clara. But her confidence in Michael's docility received a slight shock soon after this, when he began talking to her of Selma and of his mother's anxiety about her. Clara tried to dismiss the subject, but Michael did not follow her lead.

"Do you correspond with the Miss Hyde who is in Paris?" he asked.

"Agnes Hyde is not in Paris; she came back before Christmas," said Clara.

"Are you sure?" said Michael, more disturbed than surprised, but hardly seeing yet where this news would lead his fears and surmises.

"Quite sure," said Clara. "She is coming to tea on Saturday—with one or two others. If you will come you can talk to her."

So on Saturday Clara led him through the "one or two" people who seemed to fill the large front drawing-room and presented him to Miss Hyde. She looked oddly unlike her family. She was lantern-jawed, had a dark, yearning eye, a billous color, and wore draperies of a khaki shade that did not suit her complexion.

"This is Mr. Severin, Agnes," said Clara; "I think you know one if his sisters."

Miss Hyde looked up and down the well-groomed, upstanding man who was going to marry that worldly little butterfly Clara Walsingham, and who must therefore be either a worldling or a fool himself.

"Is Selma Severin your sister?" she said. "She was once my dear friend."

"I thought that you were still in Paris together," said Michael.

"That is not likely under the circumstances," said Miss Hyde.

She spoke with so much meaning in her manner as well as in her words that

both Michael and Clara listened in surprise—Michael with foreboding and Clara scenting some crazy quarrel between two women she wished to avoid. However, it was easy for her to move away and give her attention to some other guests.

"Shall we sit down?" said Michael, who saw a vacant corner seat close to them.

Miss Hyde flopped amongst the cushions, supported one long, bony arm on her crossed knees, and held up her chin with one hand. She gazed searchingly at Michael, who supposed it must be a habit with Selma and all her tribe to fix their eyes on strangers as if they wished to read their inmost thoughts.

"So you are Selma's brother," said Miss Hyde in low, tragic tones. Michael found himself wondering whether this woman or his sister or some unknown person was the original type.

"And you are going to marry Clara Walsingham," continued the lady, without observing Michael's look of surprise at this unnecessary allusion to his personal affairs. "Selma and Clara Walsingham! It's unthinkable; but men never see—they are very dense."

"When did you see Selma last?" said Michael, feeling that his voice and his manner was as much out of tune with his companion as the questions of a school-inspector would be addressed to the tragic muse.

"In December," said Miss Hyde, "just before I left Paris."

"That is more than ten weeks ago," said Michael.

"Selma is so wonderful," chanted Miss Hyde. "I painted her as Jael emerging from the tent of Sisera. She is the most beautiful creature I know, and the most impressionable. But you should never have let her go to Paris. She can't paint—she never will. She inspires pictures—but she might have done that at home."

"Didn't you ask her to go?"

"Did I? Surely not. But I have no memory and I am as impulsive as a child. If I did I committed a crime, and I crave your forgiveness, but how could I foresee disaster?"

"Disaster?"

"Well—it depends on the point of view, no doubt. But what will Clara Walsingham say?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said Michael.

"Perhaps you don't know," murmured Miss Hyde.

"My sister does not tell us much. We are rather anxious about her."

"Is she still in the Rue de Seine?"

"She writes from a street in the Cité de Paris."

"Ah!" cried Miss Hyde; "then she has gone there!"

"Is there any reason why she should not have gone there?" inquired Michael, who found the lady's dramatic manner called forth a protesting stiffness and stolidity in his.

"There is, there is," cried Miss Hyde.

"Do you hear from her still?"

"No! We had a quarrel because I begged her to give it up."

"To give it up?"

"Yes—the whole thing. I wanted her to come back with me. She said I was a coward. I suppose I am—compared with her."

"A coward?"

"Yes. She has the courage of her opinions. I have the opinions, but no courage. When it came to the point I tried to get her away."

"From Paris?"

"From what Paris had come to mean—for Selma."

"So you quarrelled?"

"Well—didn't you too? Selma told me about your refusing to have them in the house—and about the man, too—she has not forgiven you."

"Are you talking of Kremski—or that frog-mouthed girl?" asked Michael.

"Yes. I like Bohemians immensely myself, but there is a line—and when it comes to a starving wife and children— You see, when we went to Paris Selma was all against the Kremisks, and told me how he had left a family in Russia and didn't care what became of them—and we agreed that we would not associate with him and this girl— Really it becomes a difficult story to tell, Mr. Severin."

"I suppose I may guess that Selma changed her mind."

"She said the maiden ladies in our *pension* got on her nerves," said Miss Hyde with a sigh. "We certain were rather dull and respectable. Still, when Selma said she meant to go to that *pension* in the Rue de Seine I thought she made a mistake, and I told her so."

"But she refused to listen."

"She took me by the shoulders and put me out of the room," complained Miss Hyde.

"That was before Christmas?"

"Yes; I left Paris on the 20th of December."

"And since then you have heard nothing of Selma?"

Miss Hyde did not speak directly, and her pause seemed to prepare Michael for the blow her words dealt him when they came.

"I heard that Kremiski and Miss Petersen and Mr. Deminski had taken a flat in the Cité de Paris," she said, "and that Selma meant to join them."

"Who told you this?"

"One of the ladies staying at my *pension*."

"Some one hostile to Selma?"

"Facts are facts," said Miss Hyde. "A *ménage* of that kind may go down in Paris or Munich—in certain circles there—but over here—amongst people like the Walsinghams—the curious truth is—I wonder if you can explain me to myself, Mr. Severin? Do you know that until this happened to Selma

I actually approved—in theory—of the *union libre*."

But Michael did not feel in the least inclined to explain Miss Hyde to herself. He turned on her, his gathering anger showing itself in his voice and in his indignant eyes.

"You should be careful what you say," he cried; "you are repeating mere gossip. It is by no means proved that my sister—"

He got up as if another moment of inaction had become unbearable.

"I shall go to Paris at once," he said.

"What is the use?" murmured Miss Hyde, but he did not answer her. He could easily believe that she had had an evil influence on Selma, and that she was one of those in revolt against the moral and social law as long as words do battle—one of those who stir others to action they would not venture on themselves. Her instability of mind betrayed itself in person and manner, in everything she said and even in what she wore.

"I am going to Paris to-night," he said to Clara, when he had sought her out.

"To-night," said Clara. "Isn't that sudden?"

"It is rather," said Michael.

He waited a moment for some question from Clara, some sign of sympathy with the trouble he thought she must perceive in his face, but he saw the next moment that she did not wish to enter into his anxiety and pain. She smiled prettily, said she hoped he would soon be back, and turned with easy grace to a group of guests near. Michael, feeling more than ever that the skies were dark, got away at once and went home. He had made up his mind that he would not say a word to his mother yet. She was used to the ways of business men, who are here to-day and gone to-morrow and back again when you see them. She only observed as he bade her good-bye that if she had



known he was going to-night she would have ordered a smaller sirloin, and that she hoped he would have time to look up Selma.

"Yes," said Michael, "I mean to see Selma."

"I wish you'd bring her home," said Mrs. Severin.

Michael made no answer, but his mother's suggestion touched a problem that exercised his mind. He did not know what he wished for Selma in the future, and he soon decided that he must wait for light until he saw her. He was hurrying to her to see what could be done, but he foresaw that she might be unmanageable and he recognized that he had no authority.

Next day when he stood outside the flat in the Cité de Paris she opened the door to him, and there is no doubt that if he had not promptly stepped inside she would have shut it in his face.

"Why have you come?" she said.

"To see you," said Michael.

He saw the open door of a sitting-room close by, and he walked in without invitation. No one was there. He had a swift impression of discolored decorations, ramshackle furniture, dust and disorder. The remains of a squalid meal were on a round table covered with American cloth; a bit of Gruyère under a glass cover, the end of a long Paris loaf, thick glasses, and ill-kept knives. Selma had followed him into the room, but she did not sit down.

"Did Sophia send you?" she asked.

"No," said Michael; "It was my own idea."

"It wasn't a good one," said his sister.

"I want to talk to you," said Michael, looking round at the room and its several doors. "Suppose you come and have lunch with me?"

"I've had lunch," said Selma. "You can talk here. We are by ourselves."

She sat down with a resigned air, and Michael sat down opposite her. He

felt shy and uncomfortable so far, and as he cast about how to begin he looked at his boots.

"Don't be nervous," said Selma.

That naturally stiffened her brother and he found words.

"I saw Miss Hyde yesterday," he began. "She says you are living here with Kremski and that frog-mouthed girl and . . . Deminski . . . that people talk . . ."

"They say . . . what do they say? . . . let them say . . ." chanted Selma derisively.

"I want you to come home with me at once," said Michael.

"I felt sure you would," said Selma.

She left it to be inferred from the mockery in her tone that her refusal was self-evident. Michael sought here and there for means of persuasion and wished that primitive means of coercion were not impossible.

"Who is paying your expenses?" he said bluntly. "My mother says she has not sent you any money for some time."

"Oh, we get along," said Selma. "We are content with plain living. When there is a pound or two we share it. . . . When there isn't . . ."

"Yes," said Michael; "when there isn't . . ."

"I still have some left," said Selma.

"What will you do when you come to your last penny?"

"Get some more, I suppose."

"How?"

"Beg . . . borrow . . . steal . . . possibly earn a few."

Michael looked at his boots again.

"You can't go on here, you know, Selma," he said. "You must come away. Every hour you remain gives color to the abominable lies these people are telling about you."

"What people?"

"That Hyde woman and others at some boarding-house."

"I know . . . gossiping cats . . . I wonder you quote them, Michael."

"But my dear girl . . . you can't . . . you must know what is being blame them . . . here you are said of you."

. . . living with Kremski and . . . "I can guess . . . but it isn't true his mistress . . . and another man . . . so I don't care."

. . . it's preposterous . . . you "Thank God for that!" cried Michael. "I thank God it isn't true."

"Give in to slanderous tongues . . . "Do you mean to say that you believed it?" flared Selma, her eyes blazing, her color rising indignantly.

"Oh, don't talk such rubbish," said Michael. "What do you expect people to say when they hear of this *ménage*?" "I didn't know what to believe," said Michael. "What with the silly stuff you talk; and what with the silly things you do . . ."

"I have no experience of evil-minded persons," said Selma. "I cannot foretell their suspicions and I will not give in to their pettiness. Kremski and Marie are my dear friends . . ."

"They were your enemies a little while ago."

"Friendship that succeeds enmity is cemented by experience and regret. We are more devoted to each other than ever. I admit that their union is irregular as judged by your parochial insular ideas . . . it's no use groaning, Michael . . . you are insular . . . The whole of Europe knows it. . . . You are hopelessly out of date in art, literature, and morals. . . ."

"Look here, Selma," said Michael, "I didn't come to Paris to talk this sort of stuff or to hear you talk it. You're living with people of no reputation and you're risking your own. Haven't you the sense to see that you stand to lose by it . . . not to gain in any way? Now you take my advice. Either you come straight back with me and nothing more shall be said about it . . . or else . . ."

"We don't believe in marriage." "I must see him and the others," said Michael. "Perhaps I can make them listen to reason. When will they be at home?" "I wish you wouldn't waste your time and trouble, Michael. I know you mean well, but you don't understand. We have nothing in common."

"We are brother and sister. We shall have that in common as long as we live."

"Another of your exploded ideas. The only ties I recognize are those I make for myself."

"I'll come back at seven." "I wish you wouldn't. All we ask is to be let alone. You will let my friends see that you think them outcasts, and that will make them furious. We have our own opinions and beliefs, and we act on them."

"Well," said Selma, "what is the alternative?" "It's one I hate . . . but I see no other way . . . it's plain to me that you must either come away . . . or get married."

"Get married! To whom?"

"You know well enough to whom

"What am I to say to your mother if I go home without you?" asked Michael bluntly.

"I suppose you will have to tell her that I am with Kremski and Marie. I

didn't because I knew she would tell you and that you would fuss. You needn't worry much about Sophia. If she agrees with you to-day she will agree with me to-morrow."

"But I am not going back without seeing . . . these people," said Michael.

"Very well," said Selma. "Come and dine, then, at seven."

He looked at her doubtfully.

"Perhaps I had better wait here?" he said.

"Just as you like," said Selma indifferently. "But no one will be in till seven."

Michael hesitated. He had other business in Paris that could be transacted although he had come so hurriedly and unexpectedly. It seemed absurd to wait and watch here all through the afternoon when all he could do in the end was to make himself disagreeable to these objectionable people. He had no authority over his sister and no power to do anything except withhold supplies. He wanted to see her companions, chiefly to tell them that her family wished her to come home and would not send her another penny till she agreed to do so. He thought he might say this and other things more forcibly than Selma would, and thus demonstrate that she would shortly fail them as a goose with golden eggs. He felt sure that the money her mother had given her was more or less supporting this squalid household, and he suspected that the "all things in common" system would have the usual breakdown when her means came to an end.

"I'll come back at seven, then, but I won't dine with you," he said. "Won't you come and dine with me, Selma?"

"May I bring my friends?"

Michael shook his head and took his departure. He could not feel that he had done any good by coming to Paris,

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and he pursued his business all through the afternoon with an uncomfortable sense of failure depressing him. At seven o'clock punctually he was at the door of the flat again and rang the bell.

No one came.

He rang again and waited, rang again and knocked at the flat door; went downstairs then and routed out a deaf old *concerge* who had taken no notice of him when he went up. But she produced a letter for him which he saw was in Selma's writing, and he read it there and then, standing near the open street door.

"When I said that we should all be here at seven I told you the truth," she wrote. "We should have been if you had not upset our plans by your unnecessary interference. Kremski said that if you insulted him he would shoot you, and Nicholas said that he really could not stand scenes just now, because he is engaged on a series of most important articles for his *Tageblatt* on the 'Immorality and Hypocrisy of Home Life in England.' Scenes give him neuralgia, and neuralgia does not inspire him as it does other people. It makes him cry. So Marie and I talked things over, and decided that if Kremski shot you it would be most unpleasant for us all and that we had better avoid risks. I daresay you will think it was a hollow threat, but we know better. With a man like Kremski the farce of life turns to tragedy in a moment if his passions are roused. We know of two people he killed in Russia. So we have gone to a little country inn for a time, and I shall not let any of you have the address. I shall write to Sophia as usual, but get my letters posted in Paris. Luckily we know some people who will take our flat off our hands. If you want to write you can send letters there and they will be forwarded.—Selma."

(To be continued.)

## THE ENGLISH HOUSEWIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"Do you see this square old book?—" Let the quotation pause there, for surely Mr. Browning when he "tossed it" the air, and caught again and twirled about by the crumpled vellum covers," his seventeenth-century book, treated it with undue levity and disrespect. Not thus shall our good Gervase Markham be handled, for all his stout calf cover, which has withstood the wear and tear of so many obscure years. Between its boards there lies no tale of intrigue and murder; no tale, indeed, of any sort, but "pure crude fact, secreted from man's life . . . three centuries since." Here in the technical form of directions, plans, recipes, we find, as it were, the skeleton of that country life which was in the main the national life of England when this old book was new. For the commerce of the city, and the great sea-adventure were to her then as the brain to the body—something vital, determining, but in mass a small thing compared with the rest. Someone has labelled the book *Markham's Country Contentments*, and the name is an idyll in itself; but it rightly belongs to one only of the handbooks, as we should say, comprised under the title, *A Way to Get Wealth, containing six Principal Vocations, or Callings, in which every good Husband or Housewife may lawfully employ themselves*. Something of curious and entertaining there is in all the six pamphlets, but it suffices for the moment to consider the one entitled *The English Housewife: Containing the Inward and Outward Vertues which ought to be in a Compleat Woman*. The number of them is great, ranging from godliness, medicine and surgery, down through many skilled trades, to the making of puff-paste. A German housewife, when she hears that her

English sister usually visits the kitchen only once a day, asks with naïf astonishment, "How, then, do you contrive to pass your time?" A seventeenth century housewife, reawakened, yet ignorant of the luxuries and complications of modern life, would wonder how any truly good woman could possibly be busy or happy in a world so full of ready-made things. A glance at this mere table of contents is a lesson in economic as well as in social history. In the mid-seventeenth century, when the book was written, the day of factories was very far off. They existed, let us admit, just as a certain little mammal humbly and perilously existed in the days of the great lizards. But the industries of England were mainly home industries, and how large a share women had in them Gervase Markham can tell us. The country house, with its stone barns almost as dignified as the parish church and frequently larger, its numerous out-houses, walled garden and fish-ponds, was for many generations the scene of a busy and, surely, cheerful life. Many of those seventeenth-century houses, especially of the greater sort, have been demolished. Many others, reduced in dimensions by fire or of purpose, or originally small, are yet standing, reduced to the humble station of mere farm-houses. The life of England has flowed far away from them, and they are left in such dreaming solitudes of wide meadows, sentried by mighty elms, and moated, as it were, by winding rivers, or lost in such bosky hollows of bare hills, that the effluence of dead lives seems stronger there than the breath of a living generation, charming ghosts their rightful owners and inhabitants, and the worthy farmer-folk who tramp their floors, unreal and intrusive. But

to the seventeenth-century housewife, though she might be as alive as ourselves to the beauty of field and garden, life was rather strenuous than idyllic.

In the first warm days of June the air over meadow and downside would be full of the baa-ing of sheep; because the shepherds and the "hinde-servants," half-immersed in some neighboring pool, were scrubbing the winter's dirt out of the fleeces of the reluctant flock. These loud lamentations portended a busy time for the housewife at the Great House, the Manor and the Barton. The fleeces come to her straight from the back of the sheep, and she must see to the picking over, weighing and sorting of the wool. After it had all been placed in netting bags, having tallies with "privy marks," she might possibly send it to the dyer. But a notable housewife would prefer to dye her wool at home, divers colors, "as green, red, or yellow, haire, blew, or puke," or even some three of these together. "Blacke and cinder-color" strike a note of sobriety amid these prescriptions, else one might suppose the housewife's servitors as gaudily attired as an operatic Chorus.

But before she is through with sorting the wool comes "Mary Maudlin's day," when the flax must be pulled, for every estate had then its crop of flax, and in early summer many a field was blue under the hawthorn trees with the clear color of the flax-flower. Next comes the "stinking hemp"; and the wool and the flax and the hemp must all be patiently prepared and spun by the mistress and her gentlewomen and her serving-maids. "Diversities of spinning" must there be for warp and woof, and the housewife must not be ignorant of the various processes of weaving, else she will not be able "to bridle unconscionable workmen." Yet one has leave to fancy her at length, in a moment of leisure, a stately dark-

hooded matron, watching, well content, her stout and laden pack-horses file out of one of those tall stone gateways which sometimes stand at the back of an ancient house with a seeming uselessness, leading now to nothing but the vacuity of meadows. It may be the pack-horses would go far, climbing up deep wrinkles of smooth downs and laboring along rutty woodland tracks, to reach some nascent factory; but more often they go no further than the neighboring village, or to some lonely cottage in the fields where Bottom the Weaver, conscionable or "unconscionable workman," plied his loom. If work were plenty in the countryside there would perhaps be more than one loom in the cottage, and his family would be working at his side. I remember well a "garret" in a small north country town, where the clicking shuttles were daily plied by a father and three daughters, while below them their house shone with cleanliness and comfort. From this little nineteenth-century home-factory to the house of the seventeenth-century lady seems a far cry, but it is not so far as it seems. For the big country-house of those days—and the small one in proportion—was a kind of home-factory, where a variety of manufactures were carried on. Not only were wool, hemp, and flax prepared and spun, but medicinal waters and perfumes were distilled, unguents and washes compounded. It was also a malt-house, a brewery, a candle-maker's and a clothier's establishment. How could even the One Woman in a Thousand conduct all this multifarious business?

The post must certainly have called for the brain of a general; but our housewife had, like the general, not only an army to command, but an abundance of officers. The family—that ever dwindling entity—was then an almost indefinitely large collection of persons, including servants as well as re-

lations. In the first place, there were probably numerous daughters; and the girls do not appear to have married particularly early, unless they were heiresses or persons of importance. In that case they would go to live in the family of the boy-husband, or bring the husband into their own. The spinster aunt, who to-day has her own flat or country cottage, then formed a natural part of the family, and poor relations were easily received into it. No independent life was open to an unmarried woman or to a widow without means, and "waiting gentlewomen," who were, in fact, gentlewomen, abounded. The wife of a *nouveau riche* in a Jacobean play boasts that she has five knights' widows for her waiting gentlewomen, and the brag, if not to be taken literally, points to the quality and quantity of those in this kind of "service." The younger daughters of the Verney family—a family of the squirearchy, not the aristocracy—in the lowest ebb of their fortunes, demanded a waiting-woman apiece, with as much firmness and fury as if they were demanding the necessities of life. The *coiffure* of to-day is more elaborate than that of the mid-seventeenth century, but we have not yet adopted the foreign custom of the daily hair-dresser. The seventeenth-century housewife of the well-to-do classes never dreamed of the possibility of doing her own hair. That the position of the waiting-gentlewoman was always an enviable one cannot be supposed. It was a line of life in which happiness depended too much on other people's temperament, and too little on her own merits. That has been the fatal drawback to all lines of life set apart for women, hence their modern rush to independence at any price. But in those houses, full of so various activities, the woman with organizing power, a turn for medicine, or a practical specialty of any kind, must have had a business value of her own

and been paid its price in consideration, if not in money. Class distinctions were in no way so sharp as they afterwards became, and to be a servant did not necessarily imply inferiority of birth. That many noble persons were forced to serve through necessity, even the arrogant Margaret Duchess of Newcastle admitted. As Mrs. Godfrey has remarked, "through a large household the gradations were so fine and so numerous whoever served was called servant, be he esquire, private secretary, land-steward, or serving-man." So when the admirers and lovers of Dorothy Osborne, or any other attractive young person of the period, called themselves her "servants," there was no such high-flown humility in the name as at first appears.

The feeding of these great "families" must have been a business in itself, especially as with the exception of a few luxuries, such as sugar, spices, raisins, and lemons, the food had to be produced on the estate. I doubt whether, could we be transported into even the most admirably managed seventeenth century house, we should altogether relish our food. A "manchet," or roll and coffee, make a good breakfast, but if the coffee were replaced by a glass of ale or sack, the charm of the meal would be gone. Fresh eggs we should find abundant in their season—a dozen to a pudding are lightly mentioned in old recipes; but then the old-fashioned barn-door fowl is a strict observer of seasons. Good milk and cream would flow, home-cured bacon and hams, such as the young people of to-day have never tasted, would certainly enchant us. The bread and the jams would be of a quality no longer attainable, and the joints done to a turn. But ah, how many and how colossal those joints would be! Of baked and boiled there would be no end. Far worse, however, the made dishes, with their unpleasant mixtures



of sugar and meat. "Veal tosts" sound appetizing at first, when we read of the shredded veal kidney "stirred up exceeding well" in a dish with a mixture of egg and spinach and succory; and when violet and marigold leaves are added, we accept them without much reluctance. But when we are further directed to add to this mixture currants, cloves, mace, cinnamon, and sugar, and when the "tosts" are fried with the "flesh-meat," again to "strow sugar upon them and so serve them forth," we decline to be responsible for so disgusting a mess. Yet this is a fair sample of the seventeenth century *entrée*. The sweets are tolerable. There is tansy, for the making of which you need green wheat-blades, violet and strawberry leaves, and walnut buds. There are fritters, tarts, pancakes, and Pampurdy (*Pain perdu*). But it is distressing to find that when we are embarked on a culinary adventure entrancingly named "a quelquechose," and have in fancy beaten up the new-laid eggs with sweet cream, currants, cloves, mace and ginger, we are first called upon to offer the hospitality of our dish to spinach, endive, and marigolds "grossely chopped," and then further to extend it—oh, horror!—to "pig's pettitoes." Yet we learn that the *quelquechose*—which might, however, be made with flesh, fish, or fruit—was not only dear to our ancestors, but "of great request and estimation in France, Spaine, and Italy, and the most curious Nations."

In salads it must be owned they excelled us. The modern English salad is a stereotyped dish, but those of the seventeenth century housewife were numerous and varied. She used to make them not only of all kinds of garden vegetables and herbs, but of "the young buds and knots of all manner of wholesome herbs at their first springing, such as broom and walnut, violet and marigold." In their prepara-

tion they seem to have differed little from our own salads, except that "artichaux" were eaten raw, and there was sometimes a mixture of sugar and dried fruits with the herbs, which our palates would not approve; sometimes slices of orange and lemon, which we might use with advantage. She also pickled the heads of flowers—"as violets, primroses, cowslips, gilly-flowers of all kinds"—in sugar and white wine vinegar, which preserved their color. The flower "sallets" might be served up simply, for eating only, or "for better curiosity and the finer adorning of the table." Thus,

You shall take your pots of preserved gilly-flowers, and taking the colors answerable to the flower you would set forth, you shall lay the shape of the flower on a fruit dish; then with your purslan leaves make the green Coffin of the Flower, and with the purslan stalks make the stalk of the flower, and the divisions of the leaves and branches: then with the thinnest slices of Cucumbers make their leaves in true proportions, jagged or otherwise: and thus you may set forth some full blown, some halfe blown, and some in the bud, which will be pretty and curious.

There were "sallets for show only."

They be those which are made of carret roots of sundry colors well boyled and cut into many shapes and proportions, as some into knots, some in the manner of Scutchions and Armes, some like Birds, and some like Wild Beasts, according to the Art and cunning of the workman.

How many a serious housewife, young or old, has pored over these yellow pages of the "square old book," in preparation for some "Humble Feast," or dreaming perhaps of some supreme moment in life when it might possibly be hers to set forth a great feast, a "Feast Royall." This was indeed a Gargantuan entertainment; to victual an army would be child's play to the

preparation of such a repast. Everything that walks or flies in the farm-yard or the open country is marshalled on the board, even to such strange wild-fowl as bittern, heron, shoveller, crane, and bustard. They are roast, boiled, baked, hot, cold, carbonadoed, or entombed in pasties. Then there are fish, to appear simultaneously with the meats. The sweets come between the hot *volaille* and the cold baked meats. The *sallets* are "set extravagantly" about the table, and made dishes and *quelquechoses* "thrust into every place that is empty." Before each trencher must be set a *sallet*, a *fricase*, a boyled meat, a roast meat, a baked meat and a carbonado, "which will give a most comely beauty to the Table and very great contentment to the Guests."

But although our Markham, the better to recommend his book, pretends that he had its substance from "an honorable Countess, one of the greatest Glories of our Kingdome," and although he makes a faint pretence of believing his housewife will herself "marshall" these myriads of dishes, he knows in his heart that the lady of an estate capable of providing such a cataract of provisions, is very unlikely to do so. He admits that she may leave it to the "clerk of the kitchen," "the server," and "the gentlemen and yeomen waiters." It is impossible to conceive of any number of guests doing more than touch the fringe of such a banquet at one sitting; but in the case of wedding festivities, they would doubtless have three days of hard eating in which to dispose of it. The wealthiest citizens used the halls of City Companies for their wedding banquets. In 1675, when the widow Moresco married her daughter to Alderman Frederick's son, she entertained at Draper's Hall, and "the first day there were 600 dishes, and the second and third days there was also great feasting, and then Sir John Frederick entertained them with 400 dishes."

Gervase Markham sets forth the whole menu and order of an "extraordinary Great Feast" with manifest enthusiasm, ending as it were with one grave, triumphant chord: "Thus shall the feast be royall and the service worthy." After following him dizzily over such mountains of comestibles, we can feel with our Gervase that the following is

An humble Feast of an ordinary proportion which any good man may keep in his Family, for the entertainment of his true and worthy friends.

He thus prescribes it:—

It must hold limitations with his provision, and the season of the year; for Summer affords what Winter wants, and Winter is master of that which Summer can but with difficulty have: it is good then for him that intends to Feast, to set down the number of his full dishes, that is, dishes of meat that are of substance, and not empty or for shew; and of these sixteen is a good proportion for one course unto one mess, as thus, for example; First, a shield of Brawn with mustard; Secondly, a boyld Capon; Thirdly, a boyld peece of Beef; Fourthly, a chine of Beef roasted; Fifthly, a Neat's tongue roasted; Sixthly, a Pigge roasted; Seventhly, Chewets bak'd; Eighthly, a Goose roasted; Ninthly, a Swan roasted; Tenthly, a Turkey roasted; the Eleventh, a haunch of Venison roasted; the Twelfth, a pasty of Venison; the Thirteenth, a Kid with a pudding in the belly; the Fourteenth, an Olive-pie; the Fifteenth, a couple of Capons, the Sixteenth, a Custard or Dousets. Now to these full dishes may be added *Sallets*, *Fricases*, *Quelquechoses*, and devised paste, as many dishes more, which make the full service no lesse than two and thirty dishes, which is as much as can conveniently stand on one table, and in one mess: and after this manner you may proportion both your second and third course, holding fulnesse in one half of the dishes, and shew in the other, which will be both frugall in the spender, contentment to the guest, and much pleasure and delight to the beholders.

O noble digestions of our ancestors! We, alas! can seldom over-eat ourselves without suffering for it. In spite of the monstrous supply of meat in the seventeenth century menu, we do not hear much of the gout. The violent-tempered husband of the pious Lady Warwick suffered from it certainly, and in 1683 got posted at Whitehall Gate "for a coward and a rascal," because "being sick of the gout," he could not immediately take up an invitation to fight a duel. It was doubtless the heavy drinking which came in with the Restoration and grew general in the eighteenth century, which, together with the introduction of port wine, made the gout grow as common as a cold in the head.

In Markham's day they drank a very great variety of wines: "sacks," or sweet wines from Spain, Portugal and the Canaries, that of "Seres" being already accounted the best; muscadine and malmesey from Italy, Greece, and "some speciall Islands," French wines, both red and white, and two sorts of Rhenish, which was, however, but little esteemed. It was almost a temperance drink, and we find Mr. Pepys took it for breakfast. Of all these wines, which were in the cask and seem often to have required "doctoring," our housewife, contrary to modern custom, had the management. She also made mead and ipocras, a kind of ginger cordial composed with claret or white wine. Strange to say, Markham makes no mention of currant wine, as drunk by Jenny Wren, or any of the domestic wines, cowslip, or ginger, or elderberry, still found in the farmhouses of our youth. In those so unregenerate Victorian days a child would be placed on a wooden stool almost under a great open chimney, up whose cavernous blackness the blue smoke of burning furze curled with a pleasant smell, while in it hung a black pot simmering with a mess of potatoes and skim-milk

for the young pigs: and a tall, fresh-faced woman in a black net cap with purple ribbon rosettes at her ears, would be unprincipled enough to put into the child's innocent hand a piece of spongecake and a little thick glass, that had a white corkscrew mysteriously introduced inside its stem and was full of golden and, alas! delicious cowslip wine. Gervase Markham's *Compleat Housewife* evidently could not have done this. It is likely she would have offered the child small beer; for of that, we may remark, Mrs. Susannah Wesley allowed her children of two years old and upwards to drink as much as they liked. The preparation of malt and the brewing of beer were largely carried on in private houses. A few Oxford Colleges continued the tradition of home-brewing until near the end of the nineteenth century.

In the directions given for "the turning of malt," Markham gives a testimonial to women maltsters which is worth noting to-day, when working men from motives of rivalry assert that women's work is always inferior to men's. Our Markham tells us there were two ways of preparing malt: one which was speedy and unsatisfactory, and another which was slower, but thorough and of good result. And men-maltsters generally used the first and worst way, says he, and women-maltsters the second and best.

Ordinary beer, which was the staple drink of the whole family, and March beer and strong ale must the housewife brew, and might besides make bottled ale, and cider and perry, and mead and metheglin, if such were drunk in her country-side. Malt was also used in making a "brown bread," similar to the much-discussed "black bread" of Germany, but coarser. This was for the "hinde-servants." In Northumberland there is still a class of laborers living in the house of the farmer who employs

them, who are called hinds. Probably, then, these seventeenth century "hinde-servants" were out-door laborers.

The multitude for whom our good housewife had to provide was seemingly endless. But her care of them did not stop at food, drink and clothing. She was their physician, and, up to a certain point, their surgeon, and her own chemist. She made in her still-room all kinds of herbal decoctions, which were sometimes, no doubt, of a very real "vertue," and must almost always have compared favorably with the remedies of the professional doctor, who might take out his ink-horn, in default of a stylograph, and write you the following prescription:—

Live toads, 30 or 40. Burn them in a new pot . . . and make a fine powder. Sea-horse tooth rasped.

The "closet or still-house" of the "unco' guld" Lady Warwick was a "shop for chirurgery and physie," and earlier in the century Lady Arundel, whose house was practically a hospital, was celebrated for the cures she effected. These great ladies had chaplains or others to record their good deeds, but they were no more than specimens of a genus common all over the quiet, green country of England, in little gray parsonages, in manor houses, stately of frontage, yet small in dimensions, and familiarly neighboring stack-yards and public roads; in big houses of great squires and noblemen, built for the harboring of immense families—everywhere was she found, the woman versed in the simple arts of healing, skilled to bind up the wounds and sores of her poorer neighbors.

Yet, for all this, there was no period when what our grandmothers called "fancy-work" was more diligently practised. It was taught to young ladies by special "tutors"—the word then connoting a teacher of anything and of either sex. The most characteristic

work of the period was the embroidering of curious pictures in silk to adorn book-covers, caskets, and screens. But more really beautiful was their crewel work, the art of which they had inherited from an earlier, and handed down to a later, generation. Of the numberless women who are painting pictures to-day, comparatively few can hope to give as much delight to posterity by their handiwork as did those far-off grandmothers of ours who embroidered the great bed-hangings of which many still survive. Some are in a bold, conventional pattern, carried out in different shades of the same color, and with a great variety of stitches. These have an Italian, or at least Renaissance, air. Others are less conventionalized and more English in spirit. I think especially of one pattern, variations of which are found all over England and also in Scotland. Brown tree-branches climb up the curtains, blooming and burgeoning with scarlet and orange flowers, and curly or spreading leaves, wrought variously with diverse stitches and in shades of bluish green. And under this garden of branches, or wood of flowers, on waves of green and brown earth, run hounds in single file, hotly pursuing a stag, only to be distinguished from a dog by his antlers. There is something puzzling about the way in which identical designs spread themselves through the length and breadth of the country. The exchange of patterns between women acquainted with each other hardly seems to account for it. I remember to have seen somewhere a seventeenth century book of patterns, which, however, was not English. It may be that pedlars carried similar books in their packs or trafficked in single patterns.

And what manner of woman was our seventeenth century housewife? Then, as now, it took "all sorts to make a world," yet out of the fairly abundant records left to us, there shapes itself,

not too indefinitely, a type of the pre-Restoration woman: she who might live on until near the end of the century, but was the product of a nobler age. In spite of the multiplicity of the matters for which she was responsible, she was far from being the ignorant mere housewife which the majority of her grand-daughters became. Perhaps the very size of the family—many hands making light work—made her cares less heavy than would appear. Besides notes and newspapers were practically non-existent, in the country life was really quiet, and everywhere a thousand little tasks and distractions of modern life were wanting. Were she a lover of books she would have no great supply of new ones, though, with Dorothy Osborne, she would no doubt read the latest French romances and English verses. But she would pillage all the rich store of the Elizabethan poets, and very probably that of the ancients. She might be well versed in chronicles and histories, in the Fathers, in Plutarch and Montaigne and Bacon, and other books, both Latin and English, now forgotten or unread. For, although there was then, as there is to-day, much difference of level in the education of girls in the same station, many had the same careful classical training as their brothers. If others were taught no more than the three R's, current theology, French, music, dancing and needle-work, all their education seems to have been done systematically, and an importance was attached to it for which we may look in vain for something like two hundred years after the Restoration. Music and dancing, it may be noted, were regarded as a part of education as serious and necessary for young gentlemen as for their sisters.

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Such an education, by its comparative similarity for both sexes, helped to give ease and charm to the intercourse of men and women. This graceful ease was the note of a whole generation, and did not depend on the particular education of individuals. The Verneys were not an intellectual or musical family, yet their little world is attuned to the courtly world of their time. The society of the mid-seventeenth century was the last harvest from the rich soil of the Renaissance; a fair harvest, as it were, of many and various flowers. But whether they stand something stately and apart, or dance lightly in the sun and breeze, one sweet odor goes up from them all, the perfume of pious hearts. The studious, the witty, the wealthy, and the poor gentlewoman are alike devout daughters of the Church of England, not only observant of her rites, but imbued with the religious spirit which goes deeper than outward observances. This is true even of the "Law Church" Verneys, and it is only in Mrs. Hutchinson that we meet with the acrid savor of self-righteousness which marks the Puritan. Such was the seventeenth century housewife, domestic on a grand scale, governing an industrial community, learned or unlearned as she pleased, without reproach, yet neither for fashion's sake. If rather the Arts called her, skilled in song and the lute, or dancing "like a wave of the sea"; making beautiful works with her needle, though but rarely using pencil and brush. Above all, living in and creating an atmosphere favorable to the blossoming of rare personalities, of a charm which yet is green where many laurels lie withered.

*Margaret L. Woods.*



## THE MORALS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

MALORY'S "MORTE D'ARTHUR" COMPARED WITH THE "IDYLLS OF THE KING,"

BY CANON DAWSON.

Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* is everywhere cheaply on sale, and the inference is that it is largely bought. Whether it is widely read is, of course, another matter. But Sir Thomas Malory ought to be read by all who love the *Idylls of the King*, if only that they may understand how wide a moral breach there is between the fifteenth and the nineteenth centuries.

Sir Thomas Malory wrote in rough times for rough men and love-lorn but not very literate ladies, and he wrote what they liked to read. He reflects the popular muscular Christianity of the fifteenth century. His book is a book of Christian knights and ladies doing what they supposed to be noble and Christian deeds. It may be taken for granted that his representation of Christian chivalry was generally accepted and admired by his readers. That being so, we can only wonder and be thankful at the extraordinary change which four hundred years have wrought.

When the *Morte d'Arthur* was published King Edward IV. was on the throne. The last lines of the book were written in 1470, King Edward IV.'s ninth year. The Wars of the Roses (1450-71) were going on while Malory was romancing on the wars of Arthur. Brave and gracious Jeanne d'Arc had been burned at Rouen in 1431. Jack Cade and his revolt reduced London to panic in 1450. The battle of Barnet, at which Warwick the King-maker was slain, was fought in 1471, just a year after Malory laid down his pen.

The *Paston Letters* throw much light upon the inner life of this century. We gather from these letters that people were outwardly very religious, and that every respectable person was expected

to be so. They were both pious and punctilious. A brother addresses his brother as "Right worshipful and with all mine heart right entirely beloved brother;" and he concludes his letter by praying that the Blessed Trinity may preserve him in all honor and prosperity. But all this was consistent with a very loose conception of moral virtue. The most popular virtue was pluck. Physical courage covered a multitude of sins. Knights still ran jousts for their ladies' honor in Malory's day. A Paston letter of 1440 describes a knight who had sailed from Spain into England, a gallant figure with a "kerchief of pleasaunce" enwrapped about his arm—that is, with a handkerchief broidered by his lady—and who proclaimed himself ready to run a course with a sharp spear against any gentleman for his lady's sake.

Such encounters were full of mutual goodwill, but were, for all that, merciless and deadly. Moreover, the rules of chivalry were easily thrown aside. Violence, robbery, and murder were every-day happenings. The weaker party had always to look out for himself on the road, chivalry or no chivalry. A Paston letter of 1450 tells how Sir Robert Harcourt met his enemy Sir Humphrey Stafford by the way, and at once smote him "a great stroke on the head with his sword." Whereupon Sir Humphrey's son rode to aid his father, and was immediately knifed in the back—all, as the writer says, "in a paternoster while." Several other similar atrocities are recorded in the same letter, all without any note of reprobation, yet the letter ends piously with the prayer, "The almighty Jesu preserve your high estate, my special lord."

Everybody was more or less supersti-



tious, and nobody was ashamed of confessing it. Thus William Yelverton, a worshipful Justice, tells his cousin John Paston that he ascribes his good fortunes to "Our Lady of Walsingham," an image of the Madonna much revered at that time. Malefactors could still take sanctuary in church. A letter of 1444 describes "a great fray" which took place in a certain church, when the sheriff refused to recognize sanctuary, and presumed to arrest an unfortunate who had fled to the altar. The congregation rose up indignantly during mass and taught the sheriff the rights of the case.

The clergy were much respected as such; but as mere men they were not expected to be better than the rest. Thus Sir John Fastolf (who is supposed to be the original of Shakespeare's Falstaff) complains that a certain Sir John Buck (they called the clergy "Sir" in those days as a title equivalent to the more modern "Reverend"), the parson of Stratford, had poached his private fishponds, had broken his dam, robbed his swannery, and done other enormities of the same kind, all without any particular reproach attaching to his cloth.

Women were chivalrously protected by the knights who espoused their cause, but there was no general sense of woman's worth or purity. No woman was for a moment safe who was not protected by some mailed champion. Love was lightly given and lightly tossed aside, and when that is the case woman is always the worst sufferer.

Amidst this general confusion the lingering spirit of chivalry was the saving element. The origin of chivalry is most interesting. It sprang out of the teachings of the Church and the villainess of the times. The Church taught that the strong should protect the weak; and so, in a day when there was no law strong enough to undertake this

duty, Christian gentlemen took it upon themselves to be God's guardians of the feeble. Strong men armed themselves and rode about the world to redress intolerable wrongs. They were all brave men who did that, and naturally men who loved a fight. They fought one with another for glory and for the pure pleasure of it, and with robbers for the good of mankind. Hence the name. The armed horseman was known as the "chevalier." His self-imposed patrolling of the land was called after him the practice of "chivalry."

Knighthood was taken very seriously in those days. In the reign of Edward the Confessor it was associated with prayers, vigils, and the special blessings of the Church. Knights were solemnly set apart to the service of God and man. They were sworn to speak the truth, maintain the right, protect women and the oppressed, and to practise gentleness and courtesy as well as courage. It was a radiant idea, and it appealed to all that was romantic in the best men. All youths of gentle birth were educated with the hope of winning the golden spurs. The castles of great lords became schools of chivalry. Boys were taught in those fine schools how to wield arms and fight by rule, as Christian gentlemen should. A highly elaborate courtesy was practised towards ladies, and each man was encouraged to enslave himself to some queen of hearts and to do deeds for her sake.

One of the pleasantest results of this brotherhood in arms was that it levelled mere class distinctions. There was less snobbery in that age than perhaps in any other. A knightly man of no birth was more highly esteemed than the best-born craven. There were plenty of instances in which common men-at-arms were knighted for gallantry in the field, and, being knighted, were received into the ranks of gentlefolk. Sir Robert Sale was such a man, knighted by King

Edward for brave conduct, and then made governor of Norwich. Sir John Hawkwood, a tanner's son, was another such. Thus a high sense of honor permeated all classes, and did something to shame men into decency in an age when there was no other check upon cruelty and selfishness.

Chivalry was often fantastic. Plenty of instances of that are to be found in Malory. It disappeared at last under a hail of laughter when Cervantes drew the fine, pitiful figure of crazy Don Quixote. But chivalry did its work before it died; it created the ideal of the Christian gentleman and lady. No age could be altogether bad which conceived such a complex character as that of Sir Launcelot of the Lake. A frail man was he when passion tore at his heart, but he was never ignoble, never less than a gentleman. As Sir Ector said of him, after his death: "Ah, Launcelot, thou wert the head of all Christian knights. . . . Thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse: . . . and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with sword; . . . and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest." Allowing for differences of investiture, what man is there in any age of the world who could wish for a much better epitaph than that?

On the whole, then, one may grant some good intentions to that dark fifteenth century which immediately preceded the renaissance of letters and the reformation of the Church. It is true that some of the most serious men of the sixteenth century did not like Malory and his book. Roger Ascham wrote in 1570 (*The Schoolmaster*) that the chief pleasure of the *Morte d'Arthur* people seemed "to lay in two special points—in open manslaughter and bold

bawdry. In which book those be counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts." But that is taking Sir Thomas Malory very literally indeed. Something must be allowed to a romance founded on ancient legends; and, of course, Malory took his facts from the old romances. The interesting fact is that he did not think it necessary to purify them more thoroughly and to idealize them more nobly.

But that is what Tennyson has done. He has taken the rude old romances and Malory's fifteenth-century romance, and out of them all he has woven a new-old story which the fifteenth century would not have been capable of appreciating. In the *Idylls of the King*, King Arthur becomes the Christ-man. His knights are the soldiers of the Christ, who serve Him according to their light; and right and wrong measure all. Under Tennyson's reverent hand the heroic germ blossoms out into its latest and most beautiful flower.

Of course Tennyson has allowed himself a very free hand in dealing with the old legends. His *Coming of Arthur*, a thing of pure beauty, is daintily carved out of a wild romance of cruelty and lust. In the rude old story Uther Pendragon, "King of all England," falls foully in love with the wife of one of his dukes. The Lady Igraine will not listen to him, so he makes war on her husband in Cornwall, and slays him, and takes his castle of Tintagel. He then marries her forcibly before her husband is underground. King Uther dies shortly afterwards, and the child of this marriage is kept hidden, by the counsel of Merlin. After the death of the king everything falls into disorder and the land is overrun by spollers. No one knows who may be the rightful heir to the throne. There is, however, a great stone in London, opposite the principal church (probably St. Paul's is

intended), and embedded in this marble block is a steel anvil, and sticking in the anvil is a sword, on which is graven in gold letters that whosoever can pull out the blade from the anvil is the rightful heir to all England. As this seems a challenge, and might point to strength or worth rather than kingly birth, many knights try their hand at the sword. But all in vain till Arthur comes, when without an effort he draws the blade forth as from a sheath. The legend says "he handled the sword by the handle, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone." This he did several times, till all owned him King Uther's heir. In spite of the sons of Belial who would not have an unknown boy to reign over them, Arthur's high gifts triumphed; a band of the most knightly knights came about him, and he at once set to work to reconquer the revolted provinces. All the north, with Scotland and Wales, came under his rule. Among his other exploits, he rescued a King Leodegrance, whose daughter Guinevere he made his queen; whence also came his sorrow.

Now all this is excellent matter for romance, but the old romancers did not yet see the gold which lay hidden in the story. It remained for Tennyson to unvell the picture of the stainless king and his circle of white-souled knights. Malory's Arthur is very far from being stainless; in fact, so muddled up is his story with the coarse old legends that he makes Arthur the father of the traitor Modred by his own sister, the wife of one of his dukes. He even goes so far as to make Arthur a sort of Herod, who, when Merlin tells him that his wretched son shall be his bane and death, tries to put him out of the way by killing all the children in the neighborhood born about the same time. All this sordid dreaming was not inconsistent with the mixed morals and grotesque conscience

of Malory's age; but it shows how little he understood the message of the grand drama he was translating.

Tennyson would have none of such foul imaginings. The real Arthur never did any villainess of that sort. Tennyson saw him as he stood, the hero-man of his generation, the greatest man of his time, living nearer to the light than any other man of that day; and he tells how Arthur came, the chosen king, to serve the Christ. As like attracts like, he gathers about him the circle of lion-like men whom he constitutes the Order of the Round Table.

All this Tennyson idealizes in masterly fashion, never keeping quite close to Malory's story. *Garath and Lynette* is the tale of a young man's training in patience and humility. *Geraint and Enid* is a woman's loyalty and patience stretched to its utmost endurance. *Merlin and Vivien* is the queer legend of the downfall of wisdom without grace before the poison-shaft of flattery. *Launcelot and Elaine* is a fine study. Launcelot is the real hero both in Malory and in the *Idylls*. But while Malory's Launcelot can be fickle, Tennyson knows with a truer instinct that such a man could never trifle with love. Launcelot might stand for St. George were it not that the poison of an unlawful passion had got into his veins. Both he and Guinevere might have been saints if only they could have loved one another honestly. Elaine touches the life of the irresponsible Launcelot only to die for desire of him.

The *Holy Grail* is a wonderful piece of writing. It shows how the most closely linked community of friends in this world is bound sooner or later to be broken up. The nobler the company the harder to keep it unbroken. Arthur is dismayed when his finest knights devote themselves to find the vision which has inflamed them all with high desire. A remnant comes

back from the quest, but nothing is quite the same afterwards. *Pelleas and Ettarre* describes the beginning of the end. The canker at the Court can no longer be hid from any one but the unsuspicious king. Pelleas is a simple country gentleman with high ideals, who is driven distraught when he discovers the queen's frailty. Meanwhile the rot spreads. *The Last Tournament* shows the disintegration of all that Arthur has so patiently and lovingly built up. His knights, no longer basing their fealty on their confidence in the stainless honor of their order, lose their power of patient endurance. They become fretful and hysteric. They begin to fight for their own hand, and show no mercy to the vanquished. Sir Tristram carries on his love intrigue with *la belle* Iseult on coarser lines than Sir Launcelot with Guinevere, and gets his death, not undeserved, at the hand of her ungenerous husband.

Queen Guinevere's disgrace soon follows Iseult's. Malory's story of this tragedy is sufficiently vivid. Guinevere is condemned to be burnt for her misdemeanor, and is only rescued from a shameful death by her lover and his friends. But Tennyson ignores all barbarisms of that sort, and goes straight to the soul of the story. In his poem Guinevere sees both her sin and her mistake in the flash of revelation which accompanies the shock of her dishonor. If Arthur is scarcely human in his interview with her, Tennyson's aim is clearly to show us the Christ-man in whom justice, love, and pity are all harmonious elements. And Guinevere in losing him finds him at last:

Ah my God,  
What might I not have made of Thy  
fair world  
Had I but loved Thy highest creature  
here!  
Not Launcelot, nor another.

*The Passing of Arthur* is the crown of the *Idylls*. It is vivid as a dream, that

Chambers's Journal.

sunset-land of Lyonesse into which Modred and his rebel host were driven, and where the long flats from which the tide had ebbed ended in "the phantom circle of a moaning sea." In the confusion of the death-white mist all perish but the king, his two sorely wounded friends, and Modred the traitor. In slaying the reptile Modred, the king is almost slain. All is done now. It only remains that the sword Excalibur should be returned to the mystic giver. Then Arthur himself disappears into the golden west, perhaps to return again, *rex futurus*; but, if so, then in a different guise suited to a different age. For

The old order changeth, yielding place  
to new;  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt  
the world.

And so the pageant passes. The older legends drew their rude pictures of it and faded out. Malory translated them as best he could into such form as his own age could understand.

His book, too, has ceased to show things as they are. Then Tennyson took up the brush and created that fair picture of fine deeds which is one of our best possessions. Some day it will need to be painted yet again, and, it may be, again and again, for other generations and other modes and minds. But the pageant of Arthur and his knights will always be essentially the same. For it is the deathless struggle of "men of goodwill" against the meanness and cruelty of this world. It is the display of the achievements and limitations of life. It is that battle of life which is ever fought on a shifting field on which one can never see the very end of anything. And through it all floats the light of the promise of the beatific Vision, eluding most men here, but to be granted hereafter to all who are faithful to their order and their vows.

"BILL BAILEY."

I.

THE COMING OF "BILL BAILEY."

FOR SALE—A superb 3-seated *Diablenant-Odorant Touring Car*, 12-15 h.p., 1907 model, with *Cape-cart hood*, *speedometer*, *spare wheel*, *fanfare horn*, and *lamps complete*. *Body French-gray* picked out with red. Cost £350. Will take—

The sum which the vendor was prepared to take was so startling, that to mention it would entirely spoil the symmetry of the foregoing paragraph. It is therefore deleted. The advertisement concluded by remarking that the car was as good as new, and added darkly that the owner was going abroad.

Such was the official title and description of the car. After making its acquaintance we devised for ourselves other and shorter terms of designation. I used to refer to it as *My Bargain*. Mr. Gootch, our local cycle-agent and petrol-merchant, dismissed it gloomily as "one of them owe-seven Ode-rongs." My daughter (hereinafter termed *The Gruffin*) christened it "*Bill Bailey*," because it usually declined to come home; and the title was adopted with singular enthusiasm and unanimity by subsequent passengers.

I may premise this narrative by stating that until I purchased *Bill Bailey* my experience of motor mechanics had been limited to a motor-bicycle of antique design, which had been sold me by a distant relative of my wife's. This stately but inanimate vehicle I rode assiduously for something like two months, buoyed up by the not unreasonable hope that one day, provided I pedalled long enough and hard enough, the engine would start. I was doomed to disappointment; and after removing the driving-belt and riding the thing for another month or so as an ordinary

bicycle, mortifying my flesh and enlarging my heart in the process, I bartered my unresponsive steed—it turned the scale at about two hundredweight—to Mr. Gootch, in exchange for a set of new wheels for the perambulator. *Teresa*—we called it *Teresa* after our first cook, who on receiving notice invariably declined to go—was immediately put into working order by Mr. Gootch, who, I believe, still wins prizes with her at reliability trials.

To return to *Bill Bailey*. I had been coquetting with the idea of purchasing a car for something like three months, and my wife had definitely made up her mind upon the subject for something like three years, when the advertisement already quoted caught my eye on the back of an evening paper. The car was duly inspected by the family *en bloc*, in its temporary abiding-place at a garage in distant *Surbiton*. What chiefly attracted me was the price. My wife's fancy was taken by the French-gray body picked out with red, and the favorable consideration of *The Gruffin* was secured by the idea of a speedometer reeling off its mile per minute. The baby's interest was chiefly centred in the fanfare horn.

My young friend, *Andy Finch*—one of those fortunate people who feel competent to give advice upon any subject under the sun,—obligingly offered to overhaul the engine and bearings and report upon their condition. His report was entirely favorable, and the bargain was concluded.

Next day, on returning home from the City, I found the new purchase awaiting me in the coach-house. It was a two-seated affair, with a precarious-looking arrangement like an iron camp-stool—known, I believe, as a spider-seat—clamped on behind. A general survey of the car assured me



that the lamps, speedometer, spare wheels, and other extra fittings had not been abstracted for the benefit of the gentleman who had gone abroad; and I decided there and then to take a holiday next day and indulge the family with an excursion.

## II.

### THE PROVING OF "BILL BAILEY."

Where I made my initial error was in permitting Andy Finch to come round next morning. Weakly deciding that I might possibly be able to extract a grain or two of helpful information from the avalanche of advice which would descend upon me, I agreed to his proposal that he should come and assist me to "start her up."

Andy arrived in due course, and proceeded to run over the car's points in a manner which at first rather impressed me. Hitherto I had contented myself with opening a sort of oven door in the dish-cover arrangement which concealed the creature's works from view, and peering in with an air of intense wisdom, much as a diffident amateur inspects a horse's mouth. After that I usually felt the tires, in search of spavins and curbs. Andy began by removing the dish-cover bodily—I learned for the first time that it was called the bonnet,—and then proceeded to tear up the boards on the floor of the car. This done, a number of curious and mysterious objects were exposed to view for the first time, with the functions and shortcomings of each of which I was fated to become severally and monotonously familiar.

Having completed his observations, Andy suggested a run along the road. I did not know then, as I know now, that his knowledge of automobilism was about on a par with my own; otherwise I would not have listened with such respect or permitted him to take any further liberties with the mechan-

ism. However, I knew no better, and this is what happened.

I had better describe the results in tabular form:—

12.15. Andy performs a feat which he describes as "tickling the carburetter."

12.16—12.20. Andy turns the handle in front.

12.20—12.25. I turn the handle in front.

12.25—12.30. Andy turns the handle in front.

12.30—12.45. Adjournment to the dining-room sideboard.

12.45—12.50. Andy turns the handle in front.

12.50—12.55. I turn the handle in front.

12.55—1. Andy turns the handle in front and I tickle the carburetter.

1—1.5. I turn the handle in front and Andy tickles the carburetter.

At 1.5 Andy announced that there was one infallible way to start a refractory car, and that was to let it run down hill under its own momentum, and then suddenly let the clutch in. I need hardly say that my residence lies in a hollow. However, with the assistance of The Gruffin, we manfully trundled our superb 1907 Diablement-Odorant out of the coach-house, and pushed it up the hill without mishap, if I except two large dents in the back of the body, caused by the ignorance of my daughter that what looks like solid timber may after all be only hollow aluminium.

We then turned the car, climbed on board, and proceeded to descend the hill by the force of gravity. Bill Bailey I must say travelled beautifully, despite my self-appointed chauffeur's efforts to interfere with his movements by stamping on pedals and manipulating levers. Absorbed with these exercises, Andy failed to observe the imminence of our destination, and we reached the foot of the hill at a good



twenty-five miles an hour, the back wheels locked fast by a belated but whole-hearted application of the hand-brake. However, the collision with the confines of my estate was comparatively gentle, and we soon disentangled the head-light from the garden hedge.

The engine still failed to exhibit any signs of life.

At this point my wife, who had been patiently sitting in the hall wearing a new motor-bonnet for the best part of two hours, came out and suggested that we should proclaim a temporary truce and have lunch.

At 2.30 we returned to the scene of operations. Having once more tickled the now thoroughly depressed carburettor to the requisite pitch of hilarity, Andy was on the point of resuming operations with the starting-handle, when I drew his attention to a small stud-like affair sliding across a groove in the dash-board.

"I think," I remarked, "that that is the only thing on the car which you haven't fiddled with as yet. Supposing I push it across?"

Andy, I was pleased to observe, betrayed distinct signs of confusion. Recovering quickly, he protested that the condemned thing was of no particular use, but I could push it across if I liked.

I did so. Next moment, after three deafening but encouraging back-fires, Bill Bailey's engine came to life with a roar, and the car proceeded rapidly backwards down the road, Andy, threaded through the spare wheel like a camel in a needle's eye, slapping down pedals with one hand and clutching at the steering-gear with the other.

"Who left the reverse in?" he panted, when the car had at length been brought to a standstill and the engine stopped.

No explanation was forthcoming, but I observed the scared and flushed

countenance of my daughter peering apprehensively round the coach-house door, and drew my own conclusions.

Since Bill Bailey was obviously prepared to atone for past inertia by frenzied activity, our trial trip now came within the sphere of possibility. My wife had by this time removed her bonnet, and flatly declined to accompany us, alleging somewhat unkindly that she was expecting friends to tennis at the end of the week. The Gruffin, however, would not be parted from us, and presently Bill Bailey, with an enthusiastic but incompetent chauffeur at the wheel, an apprehensive proprietor holding on beside him, and a touzled long-legged hoyden of twelve clinging grimly to the spider-seat behind, clanked majestically out of the garden gate and breasted the slope leading to the main road.

Victory at last! This was life! This was joy! I leaned back and took a full breath. The Gruffin, protruding her unkempt head between mine and Andy's, shrieked out a hope that we might encounter a load of hay *en route*. It was so lucky, she said. She was not disappointed.

From the outset it was obvious that the money expended upon the fanfare horn had been thrown away. No fanfare could have advertised Bill Bailey's approach more efficaciously than Bill himself. He was his own trumpeter. Whenever we passed a roadside cottage we found frantic mothers garnering stray children into doorways, what time the *fauna* of the district hastily took refuge in ditches or behind hedges.

Still, all went well, as they say in reporting railway disasters, until we had travelled about four miles, when the near-side front wheel settled down with a gentle sigh upon its rim, and the tire assumed a plane instead of a cylindrical surface. Ten minutes' strenuous work with a pump restored it to its former rotundity, and off we went

again at what can only be described as a rattling pace.

After another mile or so I decided to take the helm myself, not because I thought I could drive the car well, but because I could not conceive how any one could drive it worse than Andy.

I was wrong.

Still, loads of hay are proverbially soft; and since the driver of this one continued to slumber stertorously upon its summit even after the shock of impact, we decided not to summon a fellow-creature from dreamland for the express purpose of distressing him with unpleasant tidings on the subject of the paint on his tailboard. So, cutting loose from the wreck, we silently stole away, if the reader will pardon the expression.

It must have been about twenty minutes later, I fancy, that the gear-box fell off. Personally I should never have noticed our bereavement, for the din indigenous to Bill Bailey's ordinary progress was quite sufficient to allow a margin for such extra items of disturbance as the sudden exposure of the gear wheels. A few jets of a black and glutinous compound, which I afterwards learned to recognize as gear-oil, began to spout up through cracks in the flooring, but that was all. It was The Gruffin who, from her retrospective coign of vantage in the spider-seat, raised the alarm of a heavy metallic body overboard. We stopped the car, and the gear-box was discovered in a disintegrated condition a few hundred yards back; but as none of us was capable of restoring it to its original position, and as Bill Bailey appeared perfectly prepared to do without it altogether, we decided to go on *in statu quo*.

The journey, I rejoice to say, was destined not to conclude without witnessing the final humiliation and exposure of Andy Finch. We had pumped up the leaky tire three times

in about seven miles, when Andy, struck by a brilliant idea, exclaimed—

"What mugs we are! What is the good of a Stepney wheel if you don't use it?"

A trifle ashamed of our want of resource, we laboriously detached the Stepney from its moorings and trundled it round to the proper side of the car. I leaned it up against its future partner and then stepped back and waited. So did Andy. The Gruffin, anxious to learn, edged up and did the same.

There was a long pause.

"Go ahead," I said encouragingly, as my young friend merely continued to regard the wheel with a mixture of embarrassment and malevolence. "I want to see how these things are put on."

"It's quite easy," said Andy desperately. "You just hold it up against the wheel and clamp it on."

"Then do it," said I.

"Yes, do it!" said my loyal daughter ferociously. With me she was determined not to spare the malefactor.

A quarter of an hour later we brought out the pump, and I once more inflated the leaky tire, while Andy endeavored to replace the Stepney wheel in its original resting-place beside the driver's seat. Even now the tale of his incompetence was not complete.

"This blamed Stepney won't go back into its place," he said plaintively. "I fancy one of the clip things must have dropped off. It's rather an old-fashioned pattern, this of yours. I think we had better carry it back loose. After all," he added almost tearfully, evading my daughter's stony eye, "it doesn't matter *how* you carry the thing, so long——"

He withered and collapsed. Ultimately we drove home with The Gruffin wearing the Stepney wheel round her waist, lifebuoy fashion. On reaching home I sent for Mr. Gootch to come and take Bill Bailey away and put him into a state of efficiency. Then I ex-

plained to Andy, during a most consoling ten minutes, exactly what I thought of him as a mechanic, a chauffeur, and a fellow-creature.

### III.

#### THE PASSING OF "BILL BAILEY."

It is a favorite maxim of my wife's that *any* woman can manage *any* man, provided she takes the trouble to thoroughly *understand* him. (The italics and split infinitive are hers.) This formula, I soon found, is capable of extension to the relations existing between a motor-car and its owner. Bill Bailey and I soon got to understand one another thoroughly. He was possessed of what can only be described as an impish temperament. He seemed to know by instinct what particular idiosyncrasy of his would prove most exasperating at a given moment, and he varied his *répertoire* accordingly. On the other hand, he never wasted his energies upon an unprofitable occasion. For instance, he soon discovered that I had not the slightest objection to his back-firing in a quiet country road. Consequently he reserved that **stunning** performance for a crowded street full of nervous horses. He nearly always broke down when I took critical or expert friends for an outing; and the only occasions which ever roused him to high speed were those upon which I was driving alone, having despatched the rest of the family by train to ensure their safe arrival.

Gradually I acquired a familiarity with most of the complaints from which Bill Bailey suffered—and their name was legion, for they were many—together with the symptoms which heralded their respective recurrences. In this connection I should like to set down, for the benefit of those who may at any time find themselves in a similar position, a few of the commonest causes of cessation of activity in a motor-car, gradual or instantaneous, temporary or permanent:—

4. Breakdowns on the part of the engine. These may be due to—

- (1) Absence of petrol. (Usually discovered after the entire car has been dismantled.)
- (2) Presence of a foreign body. *E.g.*, a Teddy Bear in the water-pump. (How it got there I cannot imagine. The animal was a present from the superstitious Gruffin, and in the rôle of Mascot adorned the summit of the radiator. It must have felt dusty or thirsty, and dropped in one day when the cap was off.)
- (3) Things in their wrong places. *E.g.*, water in the petrol-tank and petrol in the water-tank. This occurred on the solitary occasion upon which I entrusted The Gruffin with the preparation of the car for an afternoon's run.
- (4) Loss of some essential portion of the mechanism. (*E.g.*, the carburetter.) A minute examination of the road for a few hundred yards back will usually restore it.

#### B. Intermediate troubles.

By this I mean troubles connected with the complicated apparatus which harnesses the engine to the car—the clutch, the gears, the driving-shaft, &c. Of these it is sufficient to speak briefly.

- (1) The Clutch. This may either refuse to go in or refuse to come out. In the first case, the car cannot be started, and in the second, it cannot be stopped. The former contingency is humiliating, the latter expensive.
- (2) The Gears. These have a habit of becoming entangled with one another. Persons in search of a novel sensation are recommended to try getting the live axle connected simultaneously with the top speed forward and the reverse.
- (3) The Driving-Shaft. The front end of this is comparatively intelligible, but the tail is shrouded in mystery. It merges into a thing called the Differential. I have no idea what this is. It is kept securely concealed in a sort of Bluebeard's chamber attached to the back-axle. Inquiries of mine as to its nature and purpose were al-

ways greeted by Mr. Gootch with amused contempt or genuine alarm, according as I merely displayed curiosity on the subject, or expressed a desire to have the axle laid bare.

- C. Trouble with the car. (With which is incorporated trouble with the brakes and steering apparatus.)

It must not be imagined that the car will necessarily go because the engine is running. One of the wheels may refuse to go round, possibly because—

- (1) You have omitted to take the brake off.
- (2) Something has gone wrong with the differential. (I have no further comment to offer on this head.)
- (3) It has just dropped off. (N.B. This only happened once.)

After a time, then, I was able not merely to foretell the coming of one of Bill Bailey's periods of rest from labor, but to diagnose the cause and make up a prescription.

If the car came to a standstill for no outwardly perceptible reason, I removed the bonnet and took a rapid inventory of Bill's most vital organs, sending The Gruffin back along the road at the same time, with instructions to retrieve anything of a metallic nature which she might discover there.

When Bill Bailey without previous warning suddenly charged a hedge or passing pedestrian, or otherwise exhibited a preference for the footpath as opposed to the roadway. I gathered that the steering-gear had gone wrong again. The Gruffin, who had developed an aptness for applied mechanics most unusual in her sex, immediately produced from beneath the seat a suit of blue overalls of her own construction, of which she was inordinately proud—I hope I shall be able to dress her as cheaply in ten years' time,—and proceeded to squirm beneath the car. Here, happy as a queen, she lay upon her back on the dusty road, with oil and petrol dripping in about equal pro-

portions into her wide gray eyes and open mouth, adjusting a bit of chronically refractory worm-and-wheel gear which I from reasons of *embonpoint* and advancing years, found myself unable to reach.

Finally, if my nose was assailed by a mingled odor of blistering paint, melted india rubber, and frizzling metal, I deduced that the cooling apparatus had gone wrong, and that the cylinders were red-hot. The petrol tap was hurriedly turned off, and The Gruffin and I retired gracefully, but without undue waste of time, to a distance of about fifty yards, where we sat down behind the highest and thickest wall available, and waited for a fall of temperature, a conflagration, or an explosion, as the case might be.

Bill Bailey remained in my possession for nearly two years. During that time he covered three thousand miles, consumed more petrol and oil than I should have thought possible, ran through two sets of tires, and cost a sum of money in repairs which would have purchased a small steam yacht.

There were moments when I loved him like a brother; others, more frequent, when he was an offence to my vision. The Gruffin, on the other hand, having fallen in love with him on sight, worshipped him with increasing ardor and true feminine perversity the dingier and more repulsive he grew.

Not that we had not our great days. Once we overtook and inadvertently ran over a hen—an achievement which, while it revolted by humanitarian instincts and filled the radiator with feathers, struck me as dirt cheap at half-a-crown. Again, there was the occasion upon which we were caught in a police-trap. Never had I felt so proud of Bill Bailey as when I stood in the dock listening to a policeman's Homeric description of our flight over a measured quarter-of-a-mile. At the

end of the recital, despite my certain knowledge that Bill's limit was about twenty-three miles an hour, I felt that I must in common fairness enter him at Brooklands next season. The Gruffin, who came to see me through, afterwards assured her mother that I thanked the Magistrate who fined me and handed my accusing angel five shillings.

But there was another side to the canvas. Many were the excursions upon which we embarked, only to tramp home in the rain at the end of the day, leaving word at Mr. Gootch's to send out and tow Bill Bailey home. Many a time, too, have Bill and I formed the nucleus of an interested crowd in a village street, Bill inert and unresponsive, while I, perspiring vigorously and studiously ignoring inquiries as to whether I could play "The Merry Widow Waltz," desolately turned the starting-handle, to evoke nothing more than an inferior hurdy-gurdy melody syncopated by explosions at irregular intervals. Once, too, when in a fit of overweening presumption I essayed to drive across London, he broke down finally and completely exactly opposite "The Angel" at Islington, where Bill Bailey, with his back wheels locked fast in some new and incomprehensible manner,—another vagary of the differential, I suppose,—despite the urgent appeals of seven policemen, innumerable errand-boys, and the drivers, conductors, and passengers of an increasing line of London County Council electric tramcars, stood his ground in the fairway for nearly a quarter of an hour. Finally, he was lifted up and carried bodily, by a self-appointed Committee of Public Safety, to the side of the road, to be conveyed home in a trolley.

But all flesh is as grass. Bill Bailey's days drew to an end. The French-gray in his complexion was becoming indistinguishable from the red; his joints rattled like dry bones; his fan-

fare horn was growing asthmatic. Old age was upon him, and I, with the ingratitude of man to the faithful servant who has outlived his period of usefulness, sold him to Mr. Gootch for fifteen sovereigns and a small lady's bicycle.

Only The Gruffin mourned his passing. She said little, but accepted the bicycle (which I had purchased for her consolation) with becoming meekness.

At ten o'clock on the night before Bill Bailey's departure—he was to be sent for early in the morning—the nurse announced with some concern that Miss Alethea (The Gruffin) was not in her bed. She was ultimately discovered in the coach-house, attired in a pink dressing-gown and bath slippers. She was kneeling with her arms round as much of Bill Bailey as they could encompass; her long hair flowed and rippled over his scratched and dinted bonnet; and she was crying as if her very heart would break.

#### IV.

##### "BILL BAILEY" COMES AGAIN.

A year later I bought a new car. It possessed four cylinders and an innumerable quantity of claims to perfection. The engine would start at the pressure of a button; the foot-brake and accelerator never became involved in an unholy alliance; it could climb any hill; and outlying portions of its anatomy adhered faithfully to the parent body. Pedestrians and domestic animals no longer took refuge in ditches at our approach. On the contrary, we charmed them like Orpheus with his lute; for the sound of our engine never rose above a sleek and comfortable purr, while the note of the horn suggested the first three bars of "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

My wife christened the new arrival The Grayhound, but The Gruffin, faithful to the memory of the late lamented Bill Bailey, never referred to it as any-

thing but The Egg-Boiler. This scornful denotation found some justification in the car's ornate nickle-plated radiator, whose curving sides and domed top made up a far-away resemblance to the heavily patented and highly explosive contrivance which daily terrorized our breakfast-table.

Of Bill Bailey's fate we knew little, but since Mr. Gootch once informed us with some bitterness that he had had to sell him to a Scotchman, we gathered that, for once in his life, our esteemed friend had "bitten off more than he could chew."

The Grayhound, though a sheer delight as a vehicle, was endowed with somewhat complicated internal mechanism, and I was compelled in consequence to retain the services of a skilled chauffeur, a Mr. Richards, who very properly limited my dealings with the car to ordering it round when I thought I should be likely to get it. Consequently my connection with practical mechanics came to an end, and henceforth I travelled with my friends in the back seat, The Gruffin keeping Mr. Richards company in front, and goading that exclusive and haughty menial to visible annoyance by her supercilious attitude towards the new car.

Finally we decided on a motor trip to Scotland. There was a luggage-carrier on the back of the car which was quite competent to contain my wife's trunk and my own suit-case. The Gruffin, who was not yet of an age to trouble about her appearance, carried her *batterie de toilette* in a receptacle of her own, which shared the front seat with its owner, and served the additional purpose of keeping The Gruffin's slim person more securely wedged therein.

We joined the car at Carlisle, and drove the first day to Stirling. On the second the weather broke down, and we ploughed our way through Perth and

the Pass of Killiecrankie to Inverness in a blinding Scotch mist. The Grayhound behaved magnificently, and negotiated the Spittal of Glenshee and other notorious nightmares of the bad hill-climber in a manner which caused me to refer slightly to what might have happened had we entrusted our fortunes to Bill Bailey. The Gruffin tossed back to me over her shoulder a recommendation to touch wood.

Next day broke fine and clear, and we rose early, for we intended to run right across Scotland. I ate a hearty breakfast, inwardly congratulating myself upon not having to accelerate its assimilation by performing calisthenic exercises upon a starting-handle directly afterwards. At ten o'clock The Grayhound slid round to the hotel door, and we embarked upon our journey. Infatuated by long immunity from disaster, I despatched a telegram to a hotel fifty miles away, ordering luncheon at a meticulously definite hour, and another to our destination—a hospitable shooting-box on the west coast,—mentioning the exact moment at which we might be expected.

Certainly we were "asking for it," as my Cassandra-like offspring did not fail to remark. But for a while Fate answered us according to our folly. We arrived at our luncheon hotel ten minutes before my advertised time, an achievement which pleased me so much that I wasted some time in exhibiting the engine to the courtly and venerable brigand who owned the hotel, with the result that we got away half an hour late. But what was half an hour to The Grayhound?

Blithely we sped across the endless moor beneath the September sun. The road, straight and undulating, ran ahead of us like a white tape laid upon the heather. The engine purred contentedly, and Mr. Richards, loolling back in his seat, took a patronizing survey of the surrounding landscape. Evi-



dently he rejoiced, in his benign and lofty fashion, to think how this glittering vision was brightening the dull lives of the grouse and sheep. Certainly the appearance of The Grayhound did him credit. Not a speck of mud defiled its body; soot and oil were nowhere obtrusive. Bill Bailey had been wont, during periods of rest outside friends' front doors, to deposit a small puddle of some black and greasy liquid upon the gravel. The Grayhound was guilty of no such untidiness. Mr. Richards, to quote his own respectfully satirical words, preferred using his oil to oil the car instead of gentlemen's front drives. Under his administration my expenditure on lubricants alone had shrunk to half of what it had been in Bill Bailey's time.

But economy can be pushed to excess. Even as I dosed in the back seat, sleepily observing The Gruffin's flying mane and wondering whether we ought not shortly to get out the Thermos containing our tea, there came a grating crackling sound. The Grayhound gave a swerve which nearly deposited its occupants in a peat-hag; and after one or two zigzag and epileptic gambols came to a full stop.

"Steering-gear gone wrong, Richards?" I inquired.

"I don't think so, sir," replied Mr. Richards easily. "Seems to me it was a kind of a side sl— Get out, sir! Get out, mum! The dam thing's afire!"

We cooled the fervid glowing of the back-axle with a patent fire-extinguisher, and sat down gloomily to survey the wreck. Economy is the foundation of riches, but you must discriminate in your choice of economies. Axle-grease should not be included in the list. Mr. Richards, whether owing to a saving disposition or an æsthetic desire to avoid untidy drippings, had omitted—so we afterwards discov-

ered—to lubricate the back-axle or differential for several weeks, with the result that the bearings of the off-side back wheel had "seized," and most of the appurtenances thereof had fused into a solid immovable mass.

We sat in the declining rays of the sun and regarded The Grayhound. The brass-work still shone, and the engine was in beautiful running order; but the incontrovertible and humiliating fact remained that we were ten miles from the nearest dwelling and The Grayhound's career as a medium of transport was temporarily closed. Even the biting reminder of The Gruffin that we could still employ it to boil eggs in failed to cheer us.

Restraining an impulse to give Mr. Richards a month's warning on the spot, I conferred with my wife and daughter. We might possibly be picked up by a passing car, but the road was a lonely one and the contingency unlikely. We must walk. Accordingly we sat down to a hasty tea, prepared directly afterwards to tramp on towards our destination.

The wind had dropped completely, and the silence that lay upon the sleepy sunny moor was almost uncanny. Imbued with a gentle melancholy, my wife and I partook of refreshment in chastened silence. Suddenly, as The Gruffin (considerably more cheerful than I had seen her for some days) was passing up her cup for the third time, a faint and irregular sound came pulsing and vibrating across the moor. It might have been the roar of a battle far away. One could almost hear the popping of rifles, the clash of steel, and the shrieks of the wounded. Presently the noise increased in intensity and volume. It appeared to come from beyond a steep rise in the long straight road behind us. We pricked up our ears. I became conscious of a vague sense of familiarity with the phenomenon. The air

seemed charged with some sympathetic influence.

"What is that noise, Richards?" I said.

"I rather *think*, sir," replied Mr. Richards, peering down the road, "that it might be some kind of a——"

Suddenly I was aware of a distinct rise of temperature in the neighborhood of my left foot. My daughter, with face flushed and lips parted, was gazing feverishly down the road. An unheeded Thermos flask, held limply in her hand, was directing a stream of scalding tea down my leg. Before I could expostulate she wheeled round upon me, and I swear there were tears in her eyes.

"It's *Bill*!" she shrieked. "Bill Bailey! *My Bill*!"

She was right. As she spoke a black object appeared upon the crown of the hill, and, incredible to relate, Bill Bailey, puffing, snorting, reeking, jingling, back-firing, came lumbering down the slope, in his old hopeless but irresistible fashion, right upon our present encampment.

His lamps and Stepney wheel were gone, his back tires were solid, and his erstwhile body of French-gray was now decked out in a rather blistered coat of that serviceable red pigment which adorns most of the farmers' carts in the Highlands. But his voice was still unmistakably the voice of Bill Bailey.

He was driven by a dirty-faced youth in a blue overall, who presented the appearance of one who acts as general factotum in a country establishment which supports two or three motors and generates its own electric light. By his side sat a patriarchal old gentleman with a white beard, in tweeds, hobnail boots, and a deerstalker cap—obviously a head ghillie of high and ancient lineage.

The spider-seat at the back was occupied, in the fullest sense of the word, by a dead stag about the size of a horse,

lashed to this, its temporary catafalque, with innumerable ropes.

The old gentleman was politeness itself, and on hearing of our plight placed himself and Bill Bailey unreservedly at our disposal. His master, The M'Shin of Inversneishan, would be proud to house us for the night, and the game-car should convey us to the hospitable walls of Inversneishan forthwith. Tactfully worded doubts upon our part as to Bill's carrying capacity—we did not complicate matters by explaining upon what good authority we spoke—were waved aside with a Highlander's indifference to mere detail. The car was a grand car, and the Castle was no distance at all. Mr. Richards alone need be jettisoned. He could remain with The Grayhound all night, and on the morrow succor should be sent him.

Mr. Richards, utterly demoralized by his recent fall from the summit of autocracy, meekly assented, and presently Bill Bailey, packed like the last 'bus on a Saturday night, staggered off upon his homeward way. My wife and I shared the front seat with the oleaginous youth in the overall, while the patriarchal ghillie hung on precariously behind, locked in the embrace of the dead stag. How or where The Gruffin travelled I do not know. She may have perched herself upon some outlying portion of the stag, or she may have attached herself to Bill Bailey's back-axle by her hair and sash, and been towed home. Anyhow, when, two hours later, Bill Bailey, swaying beneath his burden and roaring like a Bull of Bashan, drew up with all standing at the portals of Inversneishan Castle, it was The Gruffin who, unkempt, scarlet, but triumphant, rang the bell and bearded the butler while my wife and I uncoiled ourselves from intimate association with the chauffeur, the ghillie, and the stag.

Next morning, in returning thanks for the princely manner in which our invol-

untary host had entertained us, I related to him the full story of our previous acquaintance with Bill Bailey. I further added, with my daughter's hot hand squeezing mine in passionate approval, an intimation that if ever Bill should again come into the market I thought I could find a purchaser for him.

He duly came back to us, at a cost  
Blackwood's Magazine.

of five pounds and his sea-passage, a few months later, and we have had him ever since.

Such is the tale of Bill Bailey. To-day he stands in a corner of my coach-house, an occupier of valuable space, a stumbling-block to all and sundry, and a lasting memorial to the omnipotence of human—especially feminine—sentiment.

*Ian Hay.*

## HOLMAN HUNT AND THE STORY OF A BUTTERFLY.

In the summer of 1852, Mr. Holman Hunt and his friend Edward Lear were living at a farmhouse at Fairlight, near Hastings. Lear was busy with his "Quarries of Syracuse"; he had discovered, under Holman Hunt's guidance, that he might here paint real limestone rocks, the "weather-worn escarpments," the "Innumerable rocks," and even the "tangle of figs," that were necessary for his picture, without going back to Sicily for them. Holman Hunt was spending his days on the cliffs at Fairlight, painting his "Strayed Sheep." Their evenings were spent together in the little parlor of Clive Vale Farm, Edward Lear teaching Holman Hunt Italian, and Holman Hunt giving Edward Lear all sorts of wrinkles in the art of landscape-painting, which Lear promptly wrote down for himself in what he called "Ye Booke of Hunte." In odd moments Lear strung his Nonsense Rhymes, and for hours the two would pore over the portfolios of Lear's drawings in Calabria, Albania, and Greece, Lear being the showman. "Certainly," says Mr. Holman Hunt in his "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," "fate could not have sent me a more agreeable or profitable companion to prepare me for my settled purpose of painting in Egypt and Syria."

Among Mr. Holman Hunt's London

friends at this time were my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Orme; and at their house in Avenue Road, Regent's Park, the young painter was a frequent and always welcome guest. In 1852 this house was one of the last on the north-west edge of London, with nothing but green fields between it and Hampstead—fields with hawthorn hedges, white stiles, and yellow buttercups, quite unimaginable now—and behind the house, from the garden, one could watch the sun setting over the flat expanse of the Kilburn and Finchley meadows. It was from under this roof that Coventry Patmore, a year or two before, had taken his beautiful first wife, Emily Andrews, Mrs. Orme's younger sister, the original of "The Angel in the House." Other weddings were to follow in due course; but in the meantime, in 1852, the Orme family was a large and happy household, otherwise undivided; and very pleasant were the summer Sunday evenings in that Avenue Road garden, and notable were the groups that gathered there of old friends, and young friends, and happy flitting children. It was a family fashion, on those summer evenings, to walk up and down the lawn and round the gravel paths under the trees, in groups of twos and threes, till the sunset faded into dusk, and the stars came out overhead, "and lamp-

light glowed through window-bars."

In the pages of an old-fashioned album I find a pretty Inaugurazione di quest "*Album*," by the elder Gabriel Rossetti, the father of Christina and Dante Gabriel and William Michael:

Mi è detto, che desidera  
Una gentil donzella  
Ch' io questo libro inauguri  
Con ritmica favella;  
E nel suo nome amabile  
Lo voglio inaugurar.

So che un bel genio musico  
Fra mille la distingue,  
E sul suo labbro suonano  
Quattro pregiate lingue,  
Onde m'ispira ed anima  
La penna ad agitar.

Other contributions follow in the pages of this album, all commemorative of happy evenings with the Orme family, of "summer twilight cool and pale"—evenings when

All calm, the dusk condenses round;

The Lawn is changing green to gray;  
Our voices take a softer sound,  
Light words are hushed we had to say,  
And graver eyes peruse the ground.

And the talk, among the groups in that garden, in the summer of 1852? Foreign politics had their share—Kossuth and Garibaldi and Mazzini, the Friends and the Freedom of Italy. My father, David Masson, was invariably one of the guests there on those summer Sunday evenings; he was to marry, in the following year, the very young eldest daughter of the house, the "gentil donzella" of the album; and he was the Secretary of the Society of the Friends of Italy—"the Secky of the Socky of the F. of I.," as William Shaen had affectionately dubbed him. And of course Literature had its share: Tennyson, and Tennyson's poems; Carlyle, and Carlyle's prose; and all the wealth of Scottish literature, learned and lyric, that David Masson had taught that household to love. And Art—the ideals and the fortunes of the P.R.B. had their

full share. Art, in the Avenue Road household, meant whatever Thomas Woolner and Holman Hunt and the Rossettis and John Ruskin intended it should mean. From his literary point of view David Masson was in strong sympathy with the Pre-Raphaelite school; and many were the talks—one of them always afterwards remembered—up and down that lawn, and round and round those gravel paths, about the cruel aspersions in the Press when the fortunes of the P.R.B. seemed at their lowest ebb.

But in the summer of 1852 two of the most honored members of the circle were absent; Thomas Woolner was already in Australia, and Holman Hunt was painting his "Strayed Sheep" on the cliffs at Fairlight. It was the eldest daughter of the house who wrote to Mr. Holman Hunt at Fairlight describing the apparition of some wonderful butterflies in the garden at Avenue Road; and Holman Hunt, in a stolen interlude of his Italian lessons with Edward Lear, had found time to reply:

Mr. Neeve's, Clive Vale Farm, near Fairlight, Hastings, Wednesday night.

*My dear Miss Orme,*—

My *maestro* has retired and left me the only peaceable hour permitted by *ea, ce, ci, co*, which, instead of studying, as Lear thinks, I make a profound bow to, and employ my pen in the much more agreeable task of replying to your amusing note of the 16th.

Your pretty riddle about the butterflies is a great deal too hard for me, so I give it up—I never could guess riddles unless they began with "riddle ma riddle ma re ye." Your description of the lovely insects makes me wish greatly that you had been successful enough to catch one. I am intending to paint a butterfly in my picture, but have not yet caught any beautiful enough, and indeed have now, since the awful gales of the last week, almost given up the hope of seeing more.

You speak of the delights of this blessed island with a warmth which, af-

ter six weeks' experience of rain, wind, dust, and bitter cold while painting on the top of Fairlight cliff, I feel quite excused for not finding sufficient national pride left in me to feel. I used once to wonder whether England would ever be invaded; now I wonder that it was ever inhabited, and how much longer it will be before all the people leave for some reasonably temperate clime; before finishing this note I will endeavor to give you an idea of my position while painting, so that, if my want of patriotism appears shameful, you may judge me with proper consideration of the provocation received. I have made the sketch and also another, a prophetic one, of painting in the East, as a set-off to yours. The lady in black is a daughter of a Greek merchant, lately dead, who has come with her cousin, the fair lady, to have her portrait painted with the gazelle, into which she believes her lover to have changed after his murder by her father. What do you think of the plot? You will allow that it has the merit of originality.

With kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Orme, Miss Andrews,<sup>1</sup> and your brothers and sisters,

I remain, yours very sincerely,  
W. Holman Hunt.

With this letter came two pen-and-ink sketches: "Painting in England, Hastings, 1852," and "Painting in the East, Grand Cairo, 185—." They are still extant, each with the little W. H. H. in the left-hand corner; they are hanging to-day in our house in Edinburgh, and, needless to say, we value them very much. "Painting in England" is a humorous sketch. It depicts the painter sitting huddled up on his cliff by the sea at Fairlight, struggling to pursue his Art in the teeth of the wind. He has a short pipe in his mouth; with one hand he clutches his sketching-block, and with the other plies his pencil, painfully. His coat-collar is turned up; his hat has blown off, and is suspended in mid-air, attached by a cord

to his coat-button. His umbrella has blown inside out, and for the moment is poised vertically, the point of it on the top of his head. A woman—she might be one of the bathing-machine women of those days—with a large "ugly" tied over her bonnet, which renders the face invisible, has come up behind him to admire his work. "What a delightful h'art!" she is exclaiming, the words in a tag out of her mouth. The cliffs are there, sloping down to the water-edge; and behind them is the line of the sea.

Two things are noticeable in this sketch. The umbrella, which was evidently first drawn in its normal condition, over the painter's head, has been carefully erased, and substituted by an umbrella inside out; and the outline of the cliffs, in the sketch, is identical with the outline of a bit of the cliff in Holman Hunt's painting "Strayed Sheep," which he was at work upon at this time.

The companion sketch—the "prophetic one"—is not at all humorous. The scene is a courtyard in Cairo—a light arcading in the background, a fountain playing into a basin in the centre. In this sketch the painter has his back turned; he is at work at his easel, his palette on his thumb. "The fair lady" stands beside him, watching him at work and flirting her fan, and a black boy, kneeling, holds a big bamboo parasol over them both. Sitting on the marble steps at a little distance, a beautiful and dejected figure, apparently oblivious of the fact that she is being painted, is "the lady in black." One or two gazelles have come about her; the head of the foremost gazelle is almost in her lap; his little tongue is licking her hand, and her forehead is laid against his shoulder. The glamour of the East is in the picture—the promise of all the days that were to come.

It can easily be imagined what pleasure Mr. Holman Hunt's letter and the sketches that accompanied it gave to

<sup>1</sup> Georgiana, Mrs. Orme's youngest sister, who married George Patmore, Coventry Patmore's brother.



the friends in Avenue Road; and in return they were able to send him—a butterfly!

One sunny morning, Mrs. Orme and her daughter, walking in the garden, spied, poised on a flower that bent over the gravel path, just such a "lovely insect" as the painter had greatly desired and failed to find at Hastings. It was the work of a moment for the "gentil donzella" to capture him. He was tenderly packed, the little box duly punctured to let in the air, and he went off by post that very day to the farm at Fairlight.

"I do not know how to thank you enough," wrote Mr. Holman Hunt, "for your kindness in sending the butterfly, which arrived quite safely and in good health to-day. I will take the very earliest opportunity of painting it, and, as I know your kind heart would have, restoring it its liberty."

The summer was over, but one butterfly at least was destined to outlive it. Mr. Holman Hunt wrote another letter about it; and this letter is dated

Clive Vale Farm, near Fairlight, Hastings. October 1, 1852.

*My dear Miss Orme,—*

I was very pleased to find that my lame note of the beginning of this week had quieted your fears about poor butterfly and am very glad to be able to add more respecting the creature's further history of a satisfactory character. Tuesday here gloried in a most violent hurricane, therefore all I could do was to increase its comfort while still a prisoner. So, with a clean box and fresh flowers, this was done. This morning, being finer, I put Sir Atalanta under a glass with a flower, and commenced painting him, but was soon compelled to stop in consequence of the steam rendering his covering of too opaque a nature to permit his beauty to be seen; therefore I removed the tumbler, and while he was venting his rage upon the pane for being an invisible bar to his freedom, and also while recovering from the exhaustion resulting from

each attack, I managed to portray him in lifelike, or rather Roberson's, colors; being finished I took him on his flower into the garden, and introduced his attention to a large geranium, which he examined with much more leisure than my engagements and impatience would permit me to consider, so I wafted him up into the air; there he jerked and tumbled about with the utmost vigor, but seemed inclined to consider it all a joke, and so much the best way for his dignity to show that he was not to be deluded into an idea that he was free, until at last it entered his shallow head that he might indeed be at liberty, and it might be worth while to fly away; so he flapped his wings for a forward flight, dodging all over the field and about the hedge and across the next field, amongst trees and weeds, in amongst ditches and stubble and haystacks, and lastly clean out of sight. So let us hope that he will have a long and happy life, and has escaped the horrors of this cold wretched night in some warm shelter known only to himself. I wonder whether he will go back to London to his friends, or be introduced into the select circle of butterflies of this district. Perhaps he can't talk *Hastish*, or *Fairlish*. Perhaps he's a Freemason and can get on without talking. Who knows?

Have you read "The Crescent and the Cross" or "Eothen" yet? If not, as you are reading Eastern books, do let me persuade you to get them, they are exceedingly interesting.

. . . I was very glad to find that Mrs. Orme had recovered and was exceedingly thankful for her note, which would certainly have recovered me had I been still poorly, unless indeed the shame of not being worthy of so many good opinions would have brought on a relapse.

With kind remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. Orme, Miss Andrews, your sisters and brothers,

I am, my dear Miss Orme,

Yours very truly,

*W. Holman Hunt.*

Many, many years after that summer of 1852 my mother, writing from Edinburgh to Mr. Holman Hunt in London, recalled this incident of the but-



terfly that had sat for its portrait; and this is Mr. Holman Hunt's reply:

. . . Well I remember the days of Avenue Road, and the warm welcome of your good father and mother. I ever retain memory of the walk round the garden there with Masson, when the fortunes of the P.R.B. looked most dismal (owing to the abuse of the Press), and the comfort his sympathy was to me. And of course I remember your happy wedding. The sketches you speak of I forget. I am sure they were only scribbles worthy of the fire when they had played their

The Cornhill Magazine.

part. The butterfly figures in an honorable place in the "Strayed Sheep," which is fresh as ever in the house of Mr. Craik in London. . . .

A life of steadfast purpose and high and noble achievement had been lived since that long-ago summer. Now we are mourning the loss of our great Pre-Raphaelite. I think that those who know and love his work, and reverence his name, will read with a tender interest this story of a "lovely insect" that was immortalized before it flew away.

Flora Masson.

### A STRIKE AMONG THE POETS.

[Conspicuous among the few British Industries that have not "come out" recently are the Ballad-makers. But there are signs of trouble even there.]

In his chamber, weak and dying,  
While the Norman Baron lay,  
Loud, without, his men were crying,  
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Know you why the ploughman, fretting,  
Homeward plods his weary way  
Ere his time? He's after getting  
Shorter hours and better pay.

See! the *Hesperus* is swinging  
Idle in the wintry bay,  
And the Skipper's daughter's singing,  
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Where's the minstrel boy? I've found him  
Joining in the labor fray  
With his placards slung around him,  
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Oh, young Lochinvar is coming;  
Though his hair is getting gray  
Yet I'm glad to hear him humming,  
"Shorter hours and better pay."

E'en the boy upon the burning  
Deck has got a word to say,  
Something rather cross concerning  
Shorter hours and better pay.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make as much as they.  
Work no more, until they find us  
Shorter hours and better pay.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit! (*Shelley*)  
Wilt thou be a blackleg? Nay.  
Soaring, sing above the *mêlée*,  
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Punch.

## OLD-FASHIONED HUMOR.

Elegant and subtle youth often tries its hand at new forms of humor for no better reason than that the old is thought to grow stale. Every generation has its humor, and thinks poorly of that which went before, as much perhaps owing to a reaction as to any valid or improved theory. But there is one form of humor which never goes out of fashion with men of some experience, and, as the French say, "of a certain age." It is the humor which puts gentleness or simplicity into positions of mild adversity, thus criticising the failure in a rough world of some of the most likeable qualities in mankind. It is the eternally humane humor of Don Quixote, of the Vicar of Wakefield, and of Verdant Green. Humorists may search far afield and find many things worse; they are unlikely to find anything better. They may spend much labor on verbal niceties, on what is nimble, caustic, and telling, and yet fail to capture the heart of the reader. If the reader does not yield his heart, his admiration will pass, and the written word will be forgotten. We have before us a new edition of a book written several years ago by Messrs. George and Weedon Grossmith—"The Diary of a Nobody" (Arrowsmith, 2s. 6d. net)—and the letters of appreciation bound up with it from men of such dissimilar accomplishments as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Belloc prove that its humor makes something like a universal appeal to men of experience. We may ask ourselves why it does this, and a re-reading of the book gives a plain answer. It fulfils the condition of exhibiting gentleness and simplicity in mild adversity; the reader when he laughs is often conscious that he is also touched. It is an illustration of the old truth that the springs of laughter and tears are near together. The

humor which makes one doubt from which spring it is drawn is living humor. It belongs frequently to the uncultivated and unilliterate, and may be withheld from those cunning in their craft. This "Diary of a Nobody," we think, with all its superficial faults, has the heart of the matter in it, and will continue to amuse and to produce the wondrous kindness of fellow-feeling when much that is superior to it in form is forgotten.

We do not know which of the Messrs. Grossmith is responsible for the characteristic sweetness of the humor. If it be Mr. George Grossmith, the manner is rather different from that of his songs with which we were all familiar a few years ago. Mr. Pooter, the tenant of The Laurels, Brickfield Terrace, Holloway, is a Cheeryble for largeness of heart and simplicity, without, poor fellow, the Cheerybles' genius for success. The description of The Laurels is complete, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith's drawing makes us feel that we know the house well:—

We have a little front garden; and there is a flight of ten steps up to the front door, which, by-the-by, we keep locked with the chain up. Cummings, Gowing, and our other intimate friends always come to the little side entrance, which saves the servant the trouble of going up to the front door, thereby taking her from her work. We have a nice little back garden which runs down to the railway. We were rather afraid of the noise of the trains at first, but the landlord said we should not notice them after a bit, and took £2 off the rent. He was certainly right; and beyond the cracking of the garden-wall at the bottom, we have suffered no inconvenience.

The disadvantage of using the little side entrance is that every one falls over the scraper:—

*April 8, Sunday.*—After Church, the Curate came back with us. I sent Carrie in to open front door, which we do not use except on special occasions. She could not get it open, and after all my display, I had to take the Curate (whose name, by-the-by, I did not catch) round the side entrance. He caught his foot in the scraper, and tore the bottom of his trousers. Most annoying, as Carrie could not well offer to repair them on a Sunday. After dinner went to sleep. Took a walk round the garden, and discovered a beautiful spot for sowing mustard-and-cress and radishes. Went to Church again in the evening: walked back with the Curate. Carrie noticed he had got on the same pair of trousers, only repaired. He wants me to take round the plate, which I think a great compliment.

After numerous accidents with the scraper, Mr. Pooter gives orders for it to be altered by the ironmonger:—

Left Farmerson repairing the scraper, but when I came home found three men working. I asked the meaning of it, and Farmerson said that in making a fresh hole he had penetrated the gas-pipe. He said it was a most ridiculous place to put the gas-pipe, and the man who did it evidently knew nothing about his business. I felt his excuse was no consolation for the expense I shall be put to.

The offensive-defensive of the ironmonger is masterly, and Pooter's yielding to it, of course, quite in character. The last sentence in the quotation is perhaps an over-emphasis. Goldsmith would probably have left it out. But the authors are seldom in error in the choice of the manifold small incidents which make up the sum of the philosophy of life at The Laurels. For example, the gravity of this entry is not in any sense wasted:—

*April 13.*—An extraordinary coincidence: Carrie had called in a woman to make some chintz covers for our drawing-room chairs and sofa to prevent the sun fading the green rep of the furniture. I saw the woman, and recognized her as a woman who used

to work years ago for my old aunt at Clapham. It only shows how small the world is.

Poor Mr. Pooter! When his "dear friends" Cummings and Gowing have made an exaction greater than usual on his good nature, he protests by his manner, and is talked to as though he were the offender. He follows this up with a letter of rebuke, whereupon Cummings calls. "Cummings squeezed my hand, and said: 'I've just seen Gowing. All right. Say no more about it.' There is no doubt they are both under the impression I have apologized." The incident of the visitor who sells Pooter wine which he does not want on the strength of giving him free tickets for a theatre—tickets which are dishonored at the door—is drawn from the same fount as the episode of the vicar and the sharper in "The Vicar of Wakefield." The visitor's praise of unpretentious domesticity when introducing the subject of his wine is the same bait for gullibility which believes in its power to discriminate as the rigmorale of Goldsmith's sharper:—

"Ay, sir" (said the sharper to the vicar), "the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, *Anarchon ara kai ateleutaton to pan*, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser—Asser being a Syriac word, usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglath Phael-Asser, Nabon-Asser—he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for, as we usually say, *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate—. But, sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question."

Pooter's humiliation at the theatre did not end with the rejection of the tickets and the necessity for him and his guests to take a box. He goes on:—

I was leaning out of the box, when my tie—a little black bow which fastened on to the stud by means of a new patent—fell into the pit below. A clumsy man not noticing it, had his foot on it for ever so long before he discovered it. He then picked it up and eventually flung it under the next seat in disgust. What with the box incident and the tie, I felt quite miserable. Mr James, of Sutton, was very good. He said: "Don't worry—no one will notice it with your beard. That is the only advantage of growing one that I can see." There was no occasion for that remark, for Carrie is very proud of my beard. To hide the absence of the tie I had to keep my chin down the rest of the evening, which caused a pain at the back of my neck.

Perhaps the best episode in the book is the ball at the Mansion House. The implicit assumption that the invitation from "his Lordship" has put the Pooters among the aristocracy is excellently sustained:—

My heart beat like that of a school-boy's. Carrie and I read the invitation over two or three times. I could scarcely eat my breakfast. I said—and I felt it from the bottom of my heart,—“Carrie, darling, I was a proud man when I led you down the aisle of the church on our wedding-day; that pride will be equalled, if not surpassed, when I lead my dear, pretty wife up to the Lord and Lady Mayoress at the

*The Spectator.*

Mansion House.” I saw the tears in Carrie's eyes, and she said: “Charlie, dear, it is I who have to be proud of you. And I am very, very proud of you. You have called me pretty; and as long as I am pretty in your eyes, I am happy. You, dear old Charlie, are *not* handsome, but you are *good*, which is far more noble.”

One more characteristic entry:—

*May 25.*—Carrie brought down some of my shirts and advised me to take them to Trillip's round the corner. She said: “The fronts and cuffs are much frayed.” I said without a moment's hesitation: “I'm ‘frayed’ they are.” Lor! how we roared. I thought we should never stop laughing. As I happened to be sitting next the driver going to town on the ‘bus, I told him my joke about the “frayed” shirts. I thought he would have rolled off his seat. They laughed at the office a good bit too over it.

Those who do not know this kindly and companionable book should get it and learn more of Mr. Pooter and The Laurels. They will make the acquaintance of Mr. Padge, who always says “That's right.” When the Pooters go to the East Acton Volunteer Ball, Mr. Pooter, gazing at the scene in the ball-room, says: “It is quite a West End affair.” “To which remark Mr. Padge replied, ‘That's right.’” Perhaps the readers will agree with the present writer that the book has the elements of permanence, and with Lord Rosebery that no bedroom is properly furnished without it.

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## THE READY-MADE MAN.

To be oneself is one of the really difficult things. It is so much easier to be second-hand—to pick up a habit or an attitude, a trick of speech or a trick of manner that someone else has invented. As an instance, merely, consider the modern newspaper. One newspaper article is as like another as

one pea is like another. It is not that the style of modern journalism is a noble style, or even that it is good business. Your newspaper will tell you that the event of almost any day in the week is “a matter of the very gravest consequence.” Nobility of style apart, it is not good business, in a

world that is supposed to be in a hurry, to say in seven words what may be said more pointedly in three. But it is a matter of the very gravest consequence that the phrases used in a modern newspaper should be of the common stock. They cost nothing to write; and they do not startle the reader, who already has them by heart. And so the thing goes on—a kind of lazy conspiracy between the common writer and the common reader.

This is an instance merely. The great mass of everyday conduct and speech is as second-hand as is the style of the descriptive reporter. It is the age of the big store. There is the big store that supplies machine-made clothes and boots to fit men and women of an average length and breadth. There is another and a bigger store where there is a ready-made stock of phrases, attitudes, commonplaces, prejudices, habits, and manners—all to be had at the smallest cost and at the shortest notice. Does anybody want a word or an idea or a line of conduct? Nothing is easier than to get it from the store. Of course, the article may not exactly fit the intention of the customer. But it will do well enough. To make the thing for oneself—that is too painful and lengthy a business.

To be a second-hand or ready-made man it is not in the least necessary to be a deliberate imitator. There is, of course, the shop-girl who crooks her little finger in taking tea, after the Marchioness in the play; and there is the young person who has misread Ibsen and sets out to live riotously in the idea that he is playing up to his personality. These are conventional types that make an especial point of living in or out of the fashion. But the general acceptance of the ready-made is a more subtle thing than that. Once the man is a ready-made man, he can never be anything else. Even in moments of

stress and excitement—when there is a deep call to be individual—he will still deal in phrases from the store. Here is a true story. There were two men—or, rather, a man and a boy who was young enough to be proud of his experience. There was a difference of opinion as to what the boy should do with his life, and the difference became acute. The man, in loco parentis, told the boy with true feeling never to darken his threshold again. Now there was no mistake about the feeling. It was quite intense. But the phrase! The man was not a poet by nature; in fact, poetry was one of the many forms of literature he distrusted. He was not in ordinary life given to metaphor or a picturesque way of speaking. Probably this was the first time he had ever talked of his "threshold." Up to this it had been a plain doorstep. But threshold was the traditional word. In every play he had seen, in every novel he had read (like all ready-made men he always read the wrong ones) this was the traditional language in which young cubs were evicted. As to the boy, he knew it was the part of the fashionable hero of the day to suffer and be silent. So, delivering a few well-chosen words, he packed his trunk and went over the doorstep for all the world as if it really were a threshold.

No one nowadays looks for real life on the stage; but it is an interesting exercise to look for the stage in real life. It is to be seen everywhere—the ready-made and second-hand manner taken from this or that fashionable type in drama or fiction. The class that is most second-hand is the busy, moneymaking class that takes no thought to be individual in self-expression. The ready-made man and the ready-made woman are to be met every day in Suburbia. Whenever Mr. Jackson, the pushing little cloth-manufacturer in Mr. St. John Hankin's "Return

of the Prodigal," was about to be particularly unpleasant to his good-for-nothing son, he invariably began to talk about his "roof." In moments of ordinary excitement he never soared above the ceiling. In fact, whenever he felt the indignant father, he assumed the ready-made manner of the indignant father. And, of course, in no play or story that Mr. Jackson ever read does the indignant father occupy a house. He lives beneath a roof—or even a roof-tree.

It would be an agreeable task for a latter-day satirist, if we had one, to classify the "manners" in common use. There is the melodramatic manner, supplied for special occasions by contem-

*The Saturday Review.*

porary novelists and playwrights. For every-day use there is for "gentlemen" the hearthrug manner. There are several varieties of this—all well known. There is for "ladies" the pensive manner. For people with little or nothing to say there is the reserved manner. Well-known varieties like these should be entered at the Patent Office, and a fee charged for their use by way of royalty. To be a second-hand man should be made expensive. Certainly it would be a noble enterprise to tax out of existence the cliché, the airs and manners of the second-hand man, and the second-hand furniture of his mind. But we admit that there are difficulties.

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## THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.

According to a curious rumor which has been circulated in the Far East, the Government of Peking is inclined to enter into a close political friendship with that of Washington, in order to guard itself against Russian and Japanese pressure. "In order to drive the Japanese out of Manchuria," a leading Viceroy is reported to have said, "It is indispensable for us to avail ourselves of the chivalrous investment of money by America wherewith to execute on a grand scale our railway and colonial policies." Chivalry is, perhaps, a strong word to use, and one that might frighten humdrum investors. But sentiment has some influence, and the Chinese Government is understood to have completed the negotiations with a powerful group of American financiers for a loan of £10,000,000 at 5 per cent. interest. Wall Street seldom looks far beyond the North American continent. Japan has been hitherto perhaps the most conspicuous exception, but American participation in the development of China is going to be really important.

We have already seen this in the case of the Hankow-Canton railway. American trade in China has not been increasing lately at the same rate as that of England and Germany, and this present loan is intended to provide opportunities for American contractors. It is said, indeed, that negotiations for the loan were taken up in Washington two years ago, but the death of the Emperor and the Dowager Empress caused them to be dropped for the time. The Chinese, with some reason, feel that the United States is the only Power that has shown no designs on their territorial integrity, and as they become every year more sensitive to outside interference of any kind, they are inclined to court the American capitalist. The Morgan-Kuhn-Loeb group, however, which is financing the loan, has no intention of restricting the loan to America, and it is hoped that Europe will take up a large part of it. But by far the most interesting of the actual or possible developments is the foreshadowing of a great plan for the building of a



great railway system for the whole of China, comparable as an idea, but of course, on a far larger scale, with that of Friedrich List, for the uniting of dis-united Germany 70 years ago. It appears that the Viceroys of Hunan and Manchuria have submitted a memorial proposing a huge foreign loan of many hundred million taels, "for the purpose of building a comprehensive system of railways." They argue in their memorial that railways should take precedence both of military preparations and administrative reforms, because the extension of railway communication is the quickest means of imparting strength, enlightenment, and prosperity to China.

If any conclusions can be drawn from recent official changes in China, it would seem that a higher standard of honesty is now being demanded, and that the Government is realizing the advantage of a clean administration. Already Viceroys and Governors are said to be acting on the advice of the newly constituted Provincial Assemblies, and many old abuses have been done away with. Another great step was taken last October, when, for the first time, an Assembly met at Peking, with representatives from the whole Chinese Empire. This Senate, or "Provincial Parliament," as it is called, although it is little like a Parliament to Western eyes, is made up of 200 members, half appointed by the Emperor and half chosen by Viceroys and Provincial Governors out of a list drawn up by the Provincial Assemblies from among their own members. Its functions are purely deliberative and advisory, but, apparently, are wide enough to comprehend all questions of legislation and finance. All actual power, of course, still remains in the hands of the Emperor, and, indeed, his position as fountain-head of all authority is ostensibly strengthened. For un-

*The Economist.*

der this cover of constitutional reform authority is being gradually withdrawn from the formerly all-powerful Provincial rulers, and concentrated in the hands of the central Government. There is, however, another side to the movement. The meeting of the National Assembly has been made the occasion for voicing the popular demand for a legislative Parliament. The movement seems widespread, and it has been endorsed by the Assembly itself. Apparently the people of China are awakening to the idea of democracy, and the future must show the relative strength of this and of the centralizing tendency.

It is a good sign, and a matter of immediate interest to the outside world, that so soon after the new Senate has met, the Government has taken up in earnest the long-promised regulation of the currency. The Crown is to resume its old prerogatives, all banks of issue are to withdraw their notes within a space of five years, and their place is to be taken by an Imperial Bank. The notes of the Bank are to be legal tender, and redeemable on presentation in coin, although in case of a "run" a reasonable time is to be allowed for the calling up of reserves. A metallic reserve is always to be kept equal to 50 per cent. of the notes issued, and half of this reserve must consist of actual coined money. Moreover, there must be an additional 50 per cent. reserve of Treasury bonds, stock, and other easily negotiable securities. For occasions of absolute necessity the method of the German Reichsbank has been adopted, and issue can be extended above the normal limit on the payment of a 6 per cent. tax. It is to carry out this scheme, which, if successful, will be of importance to the whole commerce of the East and to the monetary systems of the world, that this new loan has been negotiated with America.

## THE VALUE OF EVIDENCE.

It seems, on the surface, a simple thing to tell the simple truth of a thing, but very often in experience nothing is more difficult than to obtain it. Ask the average man, for instance, to draw you a likeness of a person he knows intimately, and, unless he is an artist, the sketch which he will produce will give some idea or clue of what value to attach to his observations on things in general. And there is something of this difficulty always in matters of testimony, to know precisely what value to attach to a witness's evidence, independently of his good faith or sincere belief in himself. In fact, the perfect trust which the average unsophisticated man has in his own senses and testimony is one of the chief dangers and difficulties in the administering of justice. One nearly always receives illustration of this in every important criminal case admitting doubt, in which there are generally witnesses willing to come forward with statements which, in the light of subsequent evidence, are proved to be utterly without foundation. The recent Gorse Hall trials afford but one more striking instance of this general truth. It does not matter what the stake may be, it may be the life or lives of one or several innocent people; this importance and publicity only tend to make such evidence still more unreliable; and swearing to the identity of a suspect, who is afterwards proved to be innocent, is one of the most common weaknesses of witnesses, although one would suppose identification a very simple matter. In ordinary circumstances this is, indeed, not a very common form of error, although it is not uncommon. But, when a great deal depends upon such an identification, it introduces a degree of difficulty which can, perhaps, only be understood by those who have experienced it.

It has to be remembered, too, that people are most readily and quickly recognized by circumstances which are accidental, rather than essential, to them, and hence it is very easy to pass our nearest friend in the street without recognizing him, should he be wearing, unexpectedly, a new hat or coat, or should we pass him in a place at which we did not think of seeing him. "We constantly," says Ruskin, "recognize things by their least important attributes, and by help of very few of these. Recognition is no proof of real or intrinsic resemblance. We recognize our books by their bindings, though the true and essential characteristics lie inside." And precisely the converse of this holds good, that resemblance is no proof of recognition. A man with a strong judgment, and eye accustomed to registering its impressions, will not, perhaps, often be mistaken, but it is astonishing what a vague impression of identities some people preserve. It is true that the most unobservant or feebly visualizing individual will feel tolerably, or quite, certain if a person once seen clearly should, within a reasonable space of time, be again presented to him or her, but the present point is that the average witness, of a certain class, feels almost as certain if there is only a sort of generic likeness in a suspect. But there are many surreptitious and almost undefinable avenues of error open in all evidence from persons who are not well trained to take correct impressions, or who are interested in any of the principals of a crime, which, improbable as they may sound on paper, nevertheless occur constantly in common experience. There is, too, a difficulty in the reconstruction of anything, similar to that of the inexperienced in putting together again a watch or any other piece of mechanism, which they may have taken to

pieces without difficulty. For there is at every step a score of ways of being wrong, and only one of being right. And, where human motives and actions are concerned, unless there are very unmistakable clues, which are in themselves proofs of themselves, the danger and difficulty may be very much greater.

To give proof apart from great probability is in most cases, after a doubt or an alternative is once presented, almost impossible. Going backwards, it is only possible to prove by hypothesis, and in this itself, as Herbert Spencer has observed, there is great danger. One may take it that, given an hypothesis, it is generally possible to collect evidence which seems to support it. Herbert Spencer illustrates this by a reference to the evidences which were always found for witchcraft as long as witches were believed in, and quotes the once generally believed "barnacle goose" myth, this being that the fruit of trees whose branches hung into the sea became converted into certain shell-covered creatures called barnacles, and thence to the birds described as barnacle geese. At the time this belief was generally accepted Sir Robert Moray reported in the "Philosophical Transactions" that he found in every shell he opened "a perfect sea-fowl, the little bill like that of a goose, the eyes marked, the head, neck, breast, wings, tail, and feet formed, the feathers everywhere perfectly shaped, and blackish colored, and the feet like those of other water fowl."

This experience, however, of discovering a series of facts in support of almost any reasonable hypothesis, is a common psychological coincidence, similar to that to which the "Professor at the Breakfast Table" refers, where one encounters twice or thrice or oftener in rapid succession certain words, references, or facts which, previously, per-

haps for years, had escaped observation. Hypothesis, of course, is equally likely to assist proof, if one does happen to be on the right scent; but it should not be forgotten that there is the other danger. Again, perhaps too much value is attached to probability in evidence, as if the improbable never happened, and there was no such thing as coincidence; whereas the fact is that the improbable is, in normal experience, quite common and coincidences are occurring daily in thousands. But it is safe to say that the average jury does not take coincidence into consideration, and does not believe it possible. Given the crime, which we may agree is itself improbable and comparatively uncommon, it is very easy for a man to fall under suspicion, especially if any conceivable motive may be hypothesized, and a series of incidents will almost invariably appear to point in the same way, just as clouds often seem to be all converging to the moon or disposed in concentric rings around it.

The same psychology of coincidence may be often observed by the unfortunate, who are not infrequently heard to remark that circumstances seem to conspire against them; and in this there is not a little truth. Once let a man fall, or become suspected of law-breaking, and circumstances do conspire against him. All his previous errors or misdemeanors immediately rise up against him and give probability to the suspicion, although he may very well be perfectly innocent of this particular action. For a rather more likely seeming illustration of these things, one may quote the experience of a young man, who informed the present writer of a narrow escape he had had from drowning, under such circumstances as would have almost certainly resulted in a verdict of suicide, although the incident was a pure accident. One could very easily, too, conceive scores of possible

and probable cases in which such mistaken verdicts might be given, and in which, perhaps, juries would be justified in their verdicts, except that they would be wrong. And facts, it is a true platitude to say, are much stranger than fiction. It may be objected to this that juries can only judge of a case by the evidence which is placed before them, and can only proceed by proba-

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bilities in cases of uncertainty. But a better knowledge of the psychology and laws of evidence, coincidence and probability, would itself be a factor in the verdict. The attitude and intelligence of a jury is a part of the evidence, and a bias due to ignorance is more dangerous than that due to ill-nature or prejudice.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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With eight colored illustrations of excellent quality by E. Boyd Smith, and with smaller illustrations in black and white decorating the headings of each of its thirty-three chapters, Henry Holt & Co. present an edition of Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans" which is likely to give that fine classic of adventure precedence over many present-day books for boy readers. The old story takes on new attractiveness in this pleasing guise; and, if it elbows off the field some of the later competitors for the attention of young readers, who turn out three or four volumes each of thin adventure annually, so much the better.

A new series of wholesome and diverting books for boys is opened by Frank E. Channon in "An American Boy at Henley" (Little, Brown & Co.) As the title indicates, it is the tale of the adventures of an American boy whose lot it is to be placed in an English preparatory school, and to share in the boating and cricket and other diversions of the members. Incidentally the American boy reader will obtain a vivid impression of English school customs, as viewed from the inside. The story is graphically told and well illustrated, and there is no

lack of adventure, though it is not of the impossible kind.

Certainly there could be no better time than the present for the republication of John T. Trowbridge's amusing account of "Darius Green and his Flying Machine." When Mr. Trowbridge wrote this poem, the general attitude of the public toward aviation was precisely that which Darius Green experienced. Times have changed, and the actual aviator fills many columns of the daily press, and is occasioning a general reconstruction of war plans. The unhappy experiences of the luckless first inventor, cleverly set off in this little book by Wallace Goldsmith's illustrations, are all the more diverting. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Not since Charles Dickens laid down his pen forever has there been a prettier Christmas story written, one more full of the real spirit of Christmas or conveying a more seasonable lesson than Abbie Farwell Brown's "The Christmas Angel" which the Houghton Mifflin Company publishes in a prettily-decorated little book, with half a dozen illustrations from drawings by Reginald Birch. How a disappointed and embittered lady of middle age, occupy-

ing herself on Christmas eve with sorting over and throwing away the Christmas toys of her childhood, becomes unwittingly a minister of Christmas pleasure, and how her own Christmas is unexpectedly brightened in consequence,—this is the simple story, but it is exquisitely told.

The present publishing season has produced nothing more beautiful than the new illustrated edition of Mary Russell Mitford's "Our Village" published by the Macmillan Company. The page is large and almost square, with clear typography and generous margins. There is a charming introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie which could scarcely have been more delicately appreciative if it had been the fruit of personal acquaintance. Scattered through the text are one hundred of Hugh Thomson's inimitable drawings. Finally, there are fourteen exquisitely colored illustrations,—the work of Alfred Rawlings, each mounted on heavy card, and so delicately done that if they were detached,—a desecration to which some may be tempted,—and separately framed, they would pass for the daintiest of water color paintings.

The difficulty of writing about diseases and their causes without creating or stimulating hypochondria is so great that Professor R. W. Doane deserves much credit for the spirit animating his "Insects and Disease." He deals both with visible and invisible disease carriers, but treats all of them so coolly and drily that the most fanciful reader will find himself unmoved. On the other hand, he presents so many ways of guarding health as to encourage the despondent victim of fear to forget the perils surrounding him, or to work gallantly for their conquest. His plan is to reveal the method of work pursued by the noxious little creatures. A great

number of illustrations showing the disease carries at all stages of their lives, and a good bibliography revealing the volume of literature produced on the subject strengthen the text. Henry Holt & Co.

The little book "What Jesus Said" (Fleming H. Revell Company) is exactly what the title suggests, the actual words of Christ as recorded by the evangelists, taken from the context and analyzed and topically arranged. The compiler, a layman whose name is not given, found his own way from bewildering doubts into an assured faith by undertaking to put together and study what Jesus actually said about all the great problems of life. Out of this research the present volume grew. Published originally years ago under the title "The Great Discourse of Jesus Christ the Son of God," it now appears enlarged and newly christened, and with an introduction by the late Bishop Huntington. The compiler's own introduction or "Apologia" is sincere and reverent; and many a reader, weary of controversy or perplexed with doubt, will find the book inspiring and helpful.

Dr. Orison Swett Marden's books are described as "inspirational" and they deserve the term by their pungent common sense and the motives which they suggest and urge for sane and wholesome living. The two latest volumes are characteristically entitled "Getting On" and "Be Good to Yourself;" and they inculcate in a succession of friendly and forceful talks, sound principles and practical methods. The "getting on" which Dr. Marden has in view does not mean mere material success; and when he counsels his reader to be good to himself he does not use the term in the ordinary selfish sense. Sensible and invigorating, these talks cannot fail to be helpful not only to young readers, but to readers of any age who

are not hopelessly bound by habit to lower standards of life. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

There is nothing novel about the young man whose first love stands about half way between him and his mother in age, but in Miss Marie Van Vorst's "First Love," the hero, after many innocent entanglements, becomes enamored of a married woman and for a long time continues to count the world well lost for her sake. The flaw in the position is her refusal to lose her world, or to give him any reason for losing his, and the curtain falls leaving her wedded to a man who loved her in her girlhood and throughout her first wifehood, and leaving the hero the husband of one of the ladies whom in his youth he had proclaimed to be his first love. Miss Van Vorst's hero so narrowly escapes being two or three sorts of a scoundrel that in spite of his frequently proclaimed good looks he exercises no charm upon the reader. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The agreeable book which Mr. Hugh Black has taught his readers to expect with every holiday season is this year called "Comfort" on the title page and cover, and elsewhere "The Gospel of Comfort," and it is intended to show the possible ways by which a brave, afflicted soul may successfully seek courage and strength and comfort. It has words both for the young and for the old, for those who have many responsibilities and a wide circle of relationships, and those who live in loneliness, and it is equally free from flip-pant geniality and from unctuousness. In shape the volume is a square octavo, bound in brown with the decorative borders in brown on each page with special designs for chapter headings, dedication and title page. And inasmuch as it deals with the one element sure to enter into every human life, its circulation should be even larger than

that of any former volume. Fleming H. Revell Company.

"Leading American Men of Science," the latest volume of the series called "Biographies of Leading Americans," is edited by President David Starr Jordan, but only one of the lives comes from his pen. Mr. Witmer Stone writes of Audubon and Wilson; Simon Newcomb wrote of Joseph Henry and was himself the subject of Mr. Marcus Benjamin; Agassiz and S. F. Baird fell to the share of Mr. C. F. Holder, and in the case of all the writers the double enthusiasm of each for his own chosen science, and for the elder practitioner of whom he writes arouses him to extraordinary efforts. There are no dull pages in the volume, and it is the calmest of all the sciences, astronomy, which seems most deeply to stir the writers' souls. The youth of America are fortunate this season. The truth is made more interesting to them than any of the stories rained upon them. Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Walter G. Shotwell's "The Life of Charles Sumner" bears witness on every page to its author's devout admiration of his great subject. This feeling leads him to give minute accounts of many small matters, and in doubtful cases, such as the famous Senate quarrel in which Sumner used severe language to reprove Douglas for verbal coarseness, to give the words of the contestants equal prominence. As his book contains over 700 pages it is manifestly more useful as a work of reference than biographies written on a smaller scale, and its sober and excellent style adapts it to school, college, and library use. A biographer prejudiced in favor of his subject is a more agreeable companion than one chiefly intent upon avoiding the suspicion of possessing the natural feelings of a man. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.



"Princess Flower Hat," the latest story devised by Barbara, the "Commuter's Wife" of other days, is a garden story hardly intended however to make a gardener of the reader. The Princess, determined to be independent, attempts to live in a little house in the country attended by her faithful maid, and trying voluntarily and otherwise to rear poultry, vegetables, and a few other things, and learning to know and to escape from the knowledge of her neighbors. The author's whimsicality makes the most of the position and of the suitors who come wooing, and she brings her tale to a triumphant close with the heroine still, like Willie's wife, not over wise. The story is one of Miss Mabel Osgood Wright's very best, and a broad hint in the closing paragraph implies that it is to have a sequel; but "Princess Flower Hat" will reign alone among Barbara's friends this year. The Macmillan Co.

Miss Edith Ogden Harrison's "Princess Sayrane" goes back to the days of Prester John for its heroine and makes the monarch himself its hero. Mr. Harold Betts has given the story four colored pictures. Sayrane is a Princess of Egypt with ideas as to the sphere of woman and resents her early betrothal to Prester John. When his representative comes to woo, she speaks with surprising frankness and point, but Prester John is a chivalrous creature and all ends happily. The period has been greatly, if not entirely, neglected by novelists, and such details of customs, manners, and religion as the author gives will be new to most readers. Besides its pictures, the story has the decoration of elaborate page borders printed in vermillion. Written by a practised hand, the story is very interesting, and as its accounts of early Christianity and Mohammedan intrigue in no way resemble the familiar tales of Moor and European in juxtaposition it

is more than fairly certain of success. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The greatest pleasure to be derived from Mr. Sada Kichi Hartmann's "The Whistler Book" arises from its rare quality of perfect indifference as to the effect produced by its opinions and criticisms. Mr. Hartmann has the natural condescension of the foreigner. He occupies not much more than a tenth of his space with a formal biography, but proceeds thence to set forth his subject with an agreeable blending of critical description, anecdote, and pungent comment, illustrated by some fifty pictures reproducing well-chosen etchings, pastels and oil paintings. He asserts his belief that Whistler has created a new art form which may be regnant for a thousand years, and he affirms that the origin of the form is Japanese. Perhaps it will be better to read him before contradicting him, and it will certainly be more agreeable, for "The Whistler Book" is not only his best work, but one of the very best of the season's small biographies and an awakening volume of criticism. L. C. Page & Co.

The title of Mr. Robert Fulkerson Hoffman's "Mark Enderby, Engineer" gives fair indication of the nature of the tale, the story of everyday and all day on a locomotive; and although its author from first to last indulges in minute detail it is of that exciting species demanded by readers of such fiction. The accidents are many; the calamities caused by the weather are overwhelming and the chief actors are left enjoying its past terrors in retrospection. Four colored pictures by Mr. Will Harnaden Foster add something to the general atmosphere of restless power and human helplessness characterizing the book, in spite of the wonderful skill and courage of the chief actors. The danger of long runs and little sleep is plainly demonstrated by the course of

events, but the trainmen go forth to certain death as coolly as soldiers; and herein, in this superb bravery one finds warrant for the success of such stories. Artistic they are not, but they grasp and hold the reader, and that is what he likes above everything. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The four papers in Captain A. T. Mahan's "The Interest of Americans in International Conditions" constitute one of the most valuable books published in English this year, for they embody the judgment of a trained and sagacious observer of current affairs. The subjects of the papers are "The Origin and Character of Present International Groupings in Europe," a subject increased in importance by the Portuguese revolution; "The Present Predominance of Germany, Its Foundations and Tendencies," a question dangerous for an Englishman or a German to touch, however lightly, at any point. "Relations between the East and the West" and "The Open Door" are two topics indissolubly connected. Captain Mahan's endeavor is to compel his countrymen to see that these are not matters to which they could be indifferent, even were their interests confined entirely to the one continent, and concerning which they must exercise judicious vigilance if they would preserve peace. The book is one which the intelligent will read and ponder. Little, Brown & Co.

The series of "Golden Books for Children," edited by Clifton Johnson and published by the Baker & Taylor Company, opens promisingly with "Robin Hood" and "The Arabian Nights." In the first volume, Mr. Johnson himself has reduced to most engaging prose the ballads in which the adventures of Robin Hood were originally sung. In the second, Anna Tweed has chosen fifteen of the best tales from the Thousand and One Arabian

Nights. Both books are attractively printed and illustrated; and in both the aim has been to present the essence of the ancient tales with such changes and omissions as are calculated to make them more interesting to young readers, at the same time that the spirit and largely the form of the original are preserved. It is an excellent purpose, and so judiciously executed that one may have no scruples about putting either book into the hands of children, and may be reasonably certain that they will minister to their pleasure.

"Will she read it?" is the question that rises promptly to the lips of the practical parent when another new book of advice to girls is recommended to her for her daughter. "Indeed she will!" may be answered with perfect confidence if "The Pretty Girl Papers" by Dr. Emma E. Walker is the book under discussion. Appearing first as a series in "The Ladies' Home Journal," the popularity of these excellent papers has already been thoroughly tested. They treat the whole range of topics relating to personal daintiness—the care of hair, teeth, skin, etc.—with professional knowledge, and yet simply and interestingly and with that insight into girls' needs and likings which only wide experience and sympathy can give. Broader questions of habit and conduct are touched on with the same admirable good sense in such chapters as "Girls Who Come to Pieces in Public," "Crushes Among Girls," "The Girl in Business," "During Vacation," "Christmas Joy that Girls Can Give," and "If You Would be a Healthy Bride." Little, Brown & Co.

In "The Boy with the United States Foresters" Francis Bolt-Wheeler carries forward the happy idea which found expression first in an earlier volume, "The Boy with the U. S. Survey,"—that namely of investing the details

of several branches of the United States Service with a romantic interest for boy readers. The book is full of adventures and it is a real boy who figures in them; but the boy reader who follows them will not only have his interest awakened, but will incidentally acquire some new information and perhaps some new ambitions. The book is at once thoroughly wholesome and absorbingly interesting. Thirty-eight illustrations from photographs add to its attractiveness. From the same publishers, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., comes a lively story of life in the Maine woods, "The Young Guide," by Clarence B. Burleigh. This is the third story in the "Norman Carver Series" and in it the young hero and his friend have some stirring experiences and not a few pleasures. The story is told with humor as well as spirit and it is fully illustrated.

A tempting little anthology which the Macmillan Company publish in their attractive series, "The Friendly Library," is "The Book of Friendship" to which Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers contributes an introduction in a characteristic vein of mellow humor. The selections are grouped in twelve sections, each with a dainty title-page of its own facing a full-page drawing by Wladyslaw T. Benda, and range from Childhood Friendships through Inarticulate Friendships, Platonic Friendships, Friendships between Women and other varied relations of mature life to the final chapter on Friendship itself. The extracts, both prose and verse, are admirably chosen; one of the longest, "Tom Brown's First Grief," filling seven pages, while here and there a sonnet or a sententious scrap from Cicero or Solomon rewards the casual glance. The list of sources for but one section—"Brothers in Arms"—gives an idea of the scope of the collection—Odes of Pindar, Charlotte Yonge, Book

of Judges, James Macpherson, Robert Louis Stevenson, Walt Whitman, J. A. Taylor, A. O'Shaughnessy, Alexander Dumas, Old French Romance. It would be hard to find a more satisfactory little book for a gift not perfunctory but expressing real affection.

"Another!" sighs a reviewer, reading the first two words of Mr. Jacob Riis's "Hero Tales of the Far North," and yet although many, the hero stories are very good this year. Another, indeed, but different; these are tales of the last five centuries, familiar in geography even to the very slightly learned geographer of the public grammar school, and telling him of heroes unfamiliar indeed but modern in attributes, in the great standards of morals; heroes whom he does not need to exert his young imagination to understand, but into whose wonderful stories he may plunge without ceremony, glossary, dictionary or adviser. Peder Jan Van Wessel, the first boy to practice the wicked game of wearing out his hated breeches on a grindstone, and hero of countless sea fights; Hans Egede, who carried Christianity to Greenland; Gustav Vasa, father of Sweden; Absalom, the Danish warrior-bishop, who made his sword a pastoral staff; Valdemar and Christian of Denmark; the Snow King, and Niels Finsen Wolf-slayer, are some of the men whose stories Mr. Riis tells in his familiar graphic style. Very little of these histories is familiar to young Americans not of Scandinavian blood, and they will learn from it to respect the blood and its bravery. The Macmillan Company.

Kansas before the civil war was a household word in the East. Kansas after the war, in the few years which held for her the same succession of treacherous general attack; sly, safe murder, ambush, conflagration, kidnap-

ping, long captivity or brief torture which the East spent a century and a half in learning to endure at the hands of the red man, is comparatively unknown. Yet, because an infinity of gossamer threads, kindred blood, the baptism of fire, the common heritage of poetry and song, and of beloved great names, knits a silver cocoon about the whole sisterhood of States, almost every reading man or woman to whom comes Miss Margaret Hill McCarters' "The Price of the Prairie" will find a tender memory arousing in his heart as he reads. Kansas boys were young Napoleons in their performance of a man's duty in those days, and Kansas girls regarded their bravery with pride but with no surprise, and expected it to continue while grass grew and water ran. All knew the real Indian, and were impatient of Eastern sentimentalism. So, doggedly they lived, fought their own battles and died, until Washington discovered them and sent them help, and permission to help themselves, and their dreams of peaceful prosperity became reality. The story is long but worth the telling for the truth embodied in it, and worth the reading for its plot and its personages, nearly all good and bad, typical of the State. A. C. McClurg & Co.

General Morris Schaff's "The Spirit of Old West Point" being in the hands of nearly every officer in the United States Army and of a second army of civilians, there is little doubt of the fate of his "The Battle of the Wilderness" now issued in book form after a triumphant course through the Atlantic Monthly. Those who come to it without having previous knowledge of it will find it a fascinating record, and to the veterans and historians it will be a treasury of detail and anecdote. Other officers, from Grant himself to volunteer lieutenants have written of the war, but it was Gen. Schaff's for-

tune to go to the field fresh from the school at which he had met many of the generals on both sides, either as instructors or as fellow pupils, and he saw the whole struggle as an affair of individual officers. The gallantry of the private soldier, the swiftly developed ability of some volunteer officers did not escape him; but it is as a chronicle of what was done by his own familiar friends that the history of the war presents itself to him. Grant had greater knowledge of his contemporaries on both sides, but no personal acquaintance with the juniors who had passed through West Point after his departure; and the same might be said of other officers, Northern and Southern, who have written of the war. Either by school tradition or by actual acquaintance, each had individuality for the second lieutenant who, leaving West Point in June, 1862, was assigned to duty at Fortress Monroe and in April, 1863, was sent to the Army of the Potomac. Further, as West Point had set its impress upon the youth far more deeply than it could have been set upon one better acquainted with the world, war, his first experience of real life beyond the school precincts, became to him more vivid than his later military work or his impressions of civilian life, and his story has extraordinary vitality. It is accompanied by maps and plans, but the wise reader will construct his own map from the text as he reads, and postpone its verification for a second perusal. The author has a bird's eye view of the whole fight, and can transfer his vision to the reader if he will yield to the spell. There are not many written civil war chronicles as clear to their writer as school boy's memories, yet altogether soldierly in spirit, and "The Battle of the Wilderness" is nearly, if not quite, unique in the field of military history. Houghton Mifflin Company.

